

TREASURE ROOM

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SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

A P O E M .

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By J. H. MARTIN.  
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T. R.

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NOTE.

The following POEM, except a few lines more recently added, was written about six years ago. The author is still doubtful whether it possesses sufficient merit to secure for it a favourable reception. He commits it to the public, however, with the hope that it may find favour in the eyes of many, who will share in his enthusiastic admiration of the here and principal character of the work.

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A P O E M .

CANTO I.

SPIRIT OF POESY, come to me,
A welcome warm I'll give to thee,—
My heart I'll freely open wide,
And wed thee as a bonny bride,—
Come, gentle, lovely spirit, come,
And deign with me to make thy home.

Around me throw thy magic spell,
An inmate of my bosom dwell,
Become to me a second sight,
All things revealing in new light,
And where, without thee, nought I see,
A world of wonders shew to me.

Now as I muse and ponder o'er
The glorious names and deeds of yore,
Remove the veil from off my eyes,
Let visions bright before me rise,
And aid me while entranced I gaze,
To sing the scenes of other days.

Be beauty, war, and love my theme ;
Of Pocahontas let me dream ;
Let gallant Smith, that soul of fire,
With glowing flame my breast inspire,
And as my numbers flow along,
Let others help to swell the song.

Let venal poets write for pay,
Be mine no mercenary lay.
The hero's fame, the Indian's love,
Alone my heart and pen shall move,
And, careless of base, paltry gold,
I'll seek their story to unfold.

High on the roll of men renowned,
Who had their birth on English ground,
The name of Smith shall ever stand,
An honour to his native land.
Not Arthur, Alfred, the Black Prince,
Nor any who have flourished since,
Not Richard of the Lion-Heart,
Performed a more romantic part.
In him Adventure, Chivalry,
With Courage, Magnanimity,
And all that's elevated, bold,
Their kingly seat and throne did hold.
A true knight-errant born was he,
A wanderer o'er the earth and sea ;
The world at large he viewed his home,
Through which he fondly loved to roam :

Four quarters of the globe became
Theatre of his deeds of fame.
In Europe was his lot first cast,
In Europe did he breathe his last ;
But Africa and Asia grew
In part familiar to his view.
The Western world his footsteps bore
For leagues along th' Atlantic shore,
Virginia's wilds he first explored,
Where Powhatan then ruled the lord.
For him the Indian maiden felt
Her heart with tender pity melt,
When she the noble Pale Face saw
Condemned to death by savage law,
Of visage stern and haughty port,
The tawny sovereign held his court.
In rude, barbarian pomp and state,
Upon a rustic throne he sate,
Surrounded by his warriors grim,
Devoted, loyal unto him,
Their breath's inflamed with deadly hate
Against the prisoner whom Fate,
Deserting in a trying hour,
Had lately brought within their power.
His limbs were manacled and tied,
But not subdued his spirit's pride.
Undaunted courage he displayed,
No fear nor cowardice betrayed.
In consultation long engaged,
His foes became at last enraged,

And numbers springing to their feet,
They dragged him near the monarch's seat,
Then threw him prostrate on the ground,
Still firmly with his fetters bound.
Extended at full length, his head
Upon a stone is duly laid,
And now, before the maiden's eye,
A warrior's club is lifted high,
Soon to descend again below,
And deal on him a mortal blow.
But ere the fatal stroke was made,
She sprang upon his neck, and prayed
Her father to desist, and spare
The life of him endangered there.
The savage parent's breast was moved,
For he his beauteous daughter loved.
Surprised her conduct to behold,
That she should ask him to withhold
The death-club from his hated foe,
Arrest the meditated blow,
Yet could he not resist her prayer,
The spectacle presented there,
His lovely daughter kneeling down
Beside the captive on the ground,
Her body unto him a wall
From the dead stroke about to fall.
He bade the warrior drop his arm,
And to the stranger do no harm.
Sweet Pocahontas ! thou shalt be
Admired and loved eternally.

Long as the trees and flowers shall grow,
Long as thy native streams shall flow,
Shall live the mem'ry of thy name,
And wide as earth shall be thy fame.

The Youth of this Adventurer,
His strange, eventful, bright career,
I first would fain portray, rehearse,
In strains of sweetly flowing verse.

The boy is father to the man—
Of this no better witness than
The subject of our song we know,
Such as he was in life's fresh glow.
For even in his boyish days,
He longed on other lands to gaze,
For bold and wild adventures burned,
For scenes surprising, novel, yearned.
The wide, wide world its charms displayed,
Through which in vision oft he strayed,
Till in his secret soul at length,
Relying on his inborn strength,
He formed a plan to leave his home,
And here and there at random roam.
For schools and books he little cared;
On these his spirit poorly fared.
Sight-seeing, motion, action, these
Alone his restless mind could please.
His hated satchel hence he sold,
And all his books exchanged for gold,

Determined that from these set free,
The open world his school should be.
But ere his youthful steps had stayed,
His father in the grave was laid,
And this event his purpose strayed.
Yet subject still to others' rule,
More odious than the hated school,
By them he's now apprentice bound
To one in walks of commerce found.
Sad situation this he viewed
For one, like him, by heaven endued
With such o'erflowing energy,
And aspirations high and free.
The place was loathsome in his eyes,
Its irksome duties he despised,
Content therewith, he ne'er could be,
For all the wealth of land and sea.
His galling chains he quickly broke,
Cast off his master's heavy yoke,
And, follower to a youthful lord,
Commenced his wanderings abroad.

Bestripped and penniless did he
Launch forth on life's tempestuous sea,
For ere he left his native land,
His guardians placed within his hand,
Extracted from his own estate,
A patrimony amply great,
A sum most pitifully small,
Reserving for themselves his all.

Ten shillings only did they give,
And this that he might henceforth live
Away from them, nor e'er again
Disturb them in their ill-got gain.
Such often, in this heartless state,
Becomes the bitter, cruel fate
Of those whom Providence bereaves,
And tender, helpless orphans leaves.
But with a light and bouyant heart
Upon the voyage did he start,
And from his sea-girt isle depart,
The bounding vessel not more gay,
That bore him from her coast away.
Soon that of France appeared in sight,
On which he landed with delight,
Mingled with feelings of surprise,
For countless objects met his eyes,
Which unto him were novelties.
All, all around was strange and new,
On which he gazed with eager view,
He saw, he felt he was among
A people of another tongue,
Of different laws, religion, race,
From those within his native place.
Thus feels the youth of every land
When first he treads a foreign strand.
Sensations new and strange arise
In view of what he then descries,
Emotions never known before
He stood upon that foreign shore.

But though in many a land he roam,
Far distant from his boyhood's home,
Mid strangers pass his riper years,
Yet still one country he prefers,
And loves more warmly than the rest,
A land he ever thinks the best
On which the light of heaven falls
The country which his own he calls.
To this in thought he often turns,
For this with fond affection yearns,
And deeply in his heart there burns
A passion for that spot of earth,
The sacred spot that gave him birth.

Our hero young, a novice yet,
With wonder viewed whate'er he met
Among that strange, peculiar race,
Who to the Gauls their lineage trace.
Their manners, customs, habits—all,
Their habitations great and small,
Their style of life in every part,
And skill in culinary art,
The modes in which they cooked their food,
The things by them considered good,
Among the rich the bull-frog's thigh,
And every viand seasoned high
An Epicurean taste to please,
So fond of luxury and ease;
The herbs and chestnuts which the poor
Subsisted on, their only store;

The universal merriment
Resounding loud, where'er he went,
Their dances in the open air,
And gay expression, free from care,
Their frolics, mirth, and jollity,
On holidays especially,
The swarming friars, bishops, priests,
The numerous sacred days and feasts
By holy mother church ordained,
And Sabbath shamelessly profaned—
All these to his admiring view
Were scenes surprising, striking, new.
But still he wondered most of all,
When he beheld the Capital,
The streets of Paris gaily trod,
Where Fashion sits enthroned a god.
'Twas then as now a famous place,
And thither many turned the face,
From other lands and cities came,
Attracted by its brilliant name.
But shortly ending here his stay,
Our youthful hero went his way,
A member of the great man's band,
With whom he left his native land.
The train moved southward till it came
Unto a place of ancient name,
A city built before the day
Of Rome's proud, universal sway
By Cæsar captured and cast down,
It rose again a prosperous town,

Aurelian's name received and bore,
Adorned by him as ne'er before.
With varying fortunes thence it grew,
And nevermore destruction knew.
All of a sudden here the lord
Dismissed our hero with the word,
That he no longer him required,
Nor his attending steps desired.
He might have done a thing much worse,
By putting nothing in his purse,
And leaving him impoverished there,
The ills of indigence to bear.
But with a generous patron's heart,
He would not cause him to depart
From his employ and company,
Without the means to cross the sea,
And reach again his English home,
To which he was advised to come.
But most unwelcome words were these,
Unfit his roving mind to please,
Nor did he in the least intend,
To follow such a course or end,
But inwardly resolved to be
A roamer unconstrained and free.
To Paris straightway he returned,
About its scenes alone concerned;
Here life he passed without a sigh,
For here excitement's waves ran high,
And, like the petrel of the storm,
The tempest had for him a charm.

Among the host of strangers whom
He met with, was a David Hume,
A gentleman of Scottish birth,
Who, rich in feeling, gold, and worth,
Became an ardent friend to Smith,
And him he kindly furnished with
The treasure that his wants supplied,
And many other gifts beside.
He doubtless gave him good advice,
Designed to make him prudent, wise.
He gave him hearty sympathy,
More dear than aught of land or sea,
And more than all, as he conceived,
And firmly in his heart believed,
The greatest boon at least bestowed,
And put him fairly on the road
To fortune and her favoring hand,
When him he sent to his own land,
With letters unto those addressed
By royal James beloved, caressed,
That with their master they should try
To gain for him a friendly eye.
He started, on his journey bent,
But soon he all his funds had spent,
And penniless again, he found
Himself at Fortune's lowest round.

But when thus low reduced, distressed,
Two motives joined within his breast.

The force of pinching poverty,
The law of stern necessity,
United with a strong desire,
A native military fire,
A thirst for glory and renown,
The camp and battle's noisy sound,
To lead him to the scene of fight,
And there essay his youthful might.
To Netherlands he makes his way,
The field on which he seeks to play
The warrior, and in deeds of strife
Expend a portion of his life.
Prince Maurice there, the great and wise,
Whose fame through every country flies,
The mightiest captain of his time,
A genius rare, and bold, sublime,
A perfect master of his art,
Acquainted with its every part,
Devoted to a noble cause,
To free his land from Spanish laws,
The gloomy Philip's bigot rule,
A cowed monarch and a fool,
Is bravely warring with his foes,
Inflicting on them heavy blows.
Beneath his banner he enlists,
And in the glorious cause assists.
But in what actions he engaged,
Or how the contest round him raged,
What marches, battles, sieges he
Did help to carry on, or see,

Or why he left those warlike scenes,
Of knowing I have not the means.
Nor is it certain what the year
That he from thence did disappear,
What length of service he did yield
To Maurice on that tented field.
This only do we know as true,
That many things there met his view,
On which he gazed with grief and pain,
And hoped he ne'er should see again—
The followers of a common Lord
Each other killing with the sword.
That field, moreover, proved a school,
Placed under military rule,
Where he an education gained,
At least the rudiments obtained,
Of martial science, art, and drill,
And learned to use his arms with skill.
For France, he says, and Netherlands,
They taught me how to use my hands
In wielding sword, and axe, and spear,
And like a gallant cavalier,
Upon the noble steed to ride
In true equestrian style and pride.

Once more from occupation free,
He trusts himself again at sea,
To Scotland now his course is bent,
To which he had before been sent,

That he might court proud Fortune there,
If she a smiling face should wear.
'Tis thus we often lay aside
Some plan, till others have been tried,
And failing now in that and this,
At length we all such schemes dismiss,
Then turn again to that first one,
Resolved to follow it alone.
Thus Smith, his fighting at an end,
Bethought him of his Scottish friend,
The letters written by his hand
To persons in his native land,
Commending him to their regard
As one deserving of reward.
For strange to say, 'mid all his cares,
Extending through a term of years.
The recklessness of soldier life,
The confused scenes of active strife,
Those letters he had safely kept,
Where'er he moved, or sat, or slept.
Though old, and soiled, and scarcely fit
To be presented to a cit,
A courtier or a man of state,
Especially as out of date,
Yet still they form his only trust,
And of them he must make the most.
Equipped with these he therefore sails,
With wish and hope for favoring gales.
But ere the voyage was half done,
The blackened sky obscured the sun.

A storm arose, the wind and rain
Together blew a hurricane,
The maddened sea broke o'er the bark,
And night outspread her mantle dark.
Then terrors in the soul arose,
Which all the vital currents froze,
And men with horror stood amazed,
As if the last time they had gazed
On all they held most dear below,
And downward now to death must go.

A storm at sea ! a storm at sea !
What can more awful, glorious be !
A scene sublimely wild and grand,
Surpassing what we view on land.
Far as the eye can reach around,
A field of strife alone is found.
The elements aroused, enraged,
Are seen in fiercest war engaged :
The wind and wave their strength essay,
And struggle each to gain the day.
Huge ridges now before you rise,
And yawning gulfs next greet your eyes,
While in ten thousand different forms,
Presenting full as many charms,
The whirling, foaming brine is cast
Before the frenzy of the blast.
And if, confiding in the craft,
Which lifts itself on high to waft

Its cargo o'er the rolling deep,
We feel persuaded it can keep
Our body from a watery grave,
And triumph o'er the surging wave,
'Tis then a pleasure to behold
A scene so grand, sublime, and bold.
But no such faith did Smith repose
In that frail bark, as it arose
Aloft upon the billowy crest,
And fell again, 'mid waves abreast,
And creaked, and strained, and onward flew,
Before the whirlwind as it blew.
Yet still, though others round him stood
In gloomy, sad, despairing mood,
Or prostrate sought in earnest prayer
That gracious heaven their lives would spare,
Would still the angry, roaring main,
And bring them safe to land again,
Our hero's brow remained serene,
Calmly he viewed the dreadful scene,
Resolved with stoic mind, to wait
The issues and decrees of Fate :
Although, to add to his distress,
A sickening nausea him oppressed,
A form of suffering only known
To those upon rough ocean borne,
And which the stoutest hearts and brave
Subdues, till they deliverance crave.
But that I may most briefly tell
The fate which that frail bark befel,

I'll simply state that it was driven
Upon a rock-bound coast, and riven,
A shattered mass, a wreck became,
To pieces quickly went its frame,
And nought on board attained the shore,
Except the living souls it bore.

Delivered from the dangerous flood,
With joy upon the land he stood,
And thence set out anew to gain
The object which he sought t' attain.
He came to Edinburg renowned,
Its towering heights with castle crowned,
A city picturesque and fair,
Presenting many beauties rare.
One portion new, the other old,
Afford a contrast striking, bold.
The ancient town with hoary age
O'erfurrowed, shall your eye engage,
The house of Knox, and Holyrood,
And other buildings which have stood
For ages past, and back translate
The thoughts unto an earlier date,
Recalling many a stirring act,
Important scene, historic fact,
Connected with the olden time,
Some deed of glory, or of crime.
This part alone existed then,
And gaily, proudly flourished when

Our hero made his visit there,
And gazed upon that city fair.
The modern town has since arose,
A bright creation, as he knows
Who pens these lines, and fain would draw
A picture true of what he saw,
When through its stately streets and wide
He wandered once in youthful pride,
Surveying, as he onward went,
Scott's noble, graceful monument,
And all the splendor's of Prince street,
Till they at last the structures meet,
Which, placed on Calton Hill, arise
With varying grandeur toward the skies.
And still again, if space allowed,
I might describe the numerous crowd,
Which met, a vast, imposing scene,
To view the entrance of the Queen,
Victoria and her regal train,
As thundering loud, along the plain
The locomotive and the car
Came rushing onward from afar—
A spectacle I chanced to see,
My only glimpse of royalty.
But these, and many other things,
Which memory now before me brings,
Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat,
The Pentland Hills—I deem unmeet,
That I should here more fully paint,
Lest those who read should make complaint.

From this digression, I'll go back,
And seek again the former track,
Our hero's steps once more pursue,
His acts and movements bring to view.

Arrived in town, at length he sought
The persons unto whom he brought
The notes designed to help him on
To favor, fortune, and renown.
A cordial welcome he obtained,
But nothing more than that he gained.
The sturdy Scots threw wide the door
Unto their guest, but nothing more
Than generous fare and treatment kind,
Among them did he ever find.
A barren harvest reaped he there,
No fruit to him the land did bear.
Hence from a field so poor he turned,
And for some other spot he yearned—
That spot, just then, his childhood's home,
To this he longed once more to come,
Renew the scenes of bygone days,
On old, familiar faces gaze,
Among his friends delighted stand,
Receive the greeting of their hand,
And to their listening ears unfold
His deeds so novel, strange, and bold.
He came, and in the old homestead
Appeared, as one who from the dead

Had risen, the frightful shade or ghost
Of him by all considered lost,
The boy who years before had gone
Beyond the sea, to parts unknown.
His guardians trembled when they heard
This new, surprising, startling word.
For well they knew a horrid crime
Had they committed at the time,
When him, a helpless, orphan lad,
By treachery and force they had
Deprived of all his earthly store,
And bribed him from his native shore.

He now enjoyed a local fame,
And in his native town became
A lion marked, observed by all,
Talked of alike by great and small.
Vast numbers sought his company,
Well pleased with his society,
And with attentive, eager ear,
Would listen his discourse to hear,
While he the young, the brave, and bold,
His various deeds and wanderings told.
On him the village maidens cast
Their softest glances as he passed,
And many in their bosoms bore
A wound they had not felt before.
He was indeed a handsome youth—
Of him it might be said in truth,

That in a noble, manly form,
And all the various traits that charm
The heart of woman, and her love
To passionate affection move,
He had no equal near him there,
But stood unrivalled with the fair.
A proud and martial air had he,
A mingled grace and majesty,
The Hero in his aspect shone,
A nameless something o'er him thrown,
And from his full and daring eye
There beamed the soul of chivalry.
No wonder, then, that he became
The cause and object of a flame
In many a blushing maiden's breast,
Though none among them he addressed,
Nor, pierced in turn by Cupid, fell
A prey to woman's magic spell.
Yet such the nature of our Smith,
He could not be contented with
Those scenes of social gaiety,
But fled from all society,
As if it were a weariness,
A source of pain and heaviness.
He chose a lone, secluded spot,
A little, wooded, grassy lot,
Round which on every side there stood
A vast, extensive tract of wood,
A forest free from house of man,
And every other dwelling than

The covert of the fox and hare,
And other beasts that haunted there.
Here in this wild, romantic place,
Removed from sight of human face,
Beside a gentle brook and fair,
He built a shelter from the air.
With boughs of trees he formed a dome,
And occupied it as a home.
By night upon the ground he lay,
In various methods spent the day.
By turns the "Art of War" perused,
And on the Stoic precepts mused,
Or, tired of these, the forest sought,
From whence returning, oft he brought
The fat, inviting, savory deer,
On which he feasted with good cheer.
At other times would mount his steed,
And bounding forward at full speed,
Would strive with lance to pierce the ring,
Suspended by a simple string.

The strange, mysterious life he led
In that retired place soon bred
A rumor through the neighbourhood,
About the hermit of the wood.
This rumor reached at length the ear
Of one who was sojourning near,
A gentleman from Italy,
Accomplished in a high degree,

Who sought him in his lone retreat,
Were oft engaged in converse sweet,
The two together whiled away
The hours of many a genial day.
But not enough was this for Smith,
Who now infatuated with
His new acquaintance, could not be
Content without his company.
Hence to enjoy more constantly
The charms of his society,
His rustic dwelling he forsook,
His rude pavilion by the brook,
And with his friend new lodgings took.
But to inaction disinclined,
Contentment here he failed to find.
The quiet which around him reigned,
His restless, roving heart restrained.
The pleasures which he tasted, all
Became a surfeit and a pall.
He longed again to roam afar,
Engage in stirring scenes of war.
Still farther now he wished to go,
More of the world to see and know,
And deeming it a sin and shame,
That those who bore the Christian name
Should make themselves each other's foes,
And their fraternal arms oppose,
Should rush into the deadly fight,
In mutual slaughter take delight,

He now, still bent on martial work,
Resolved to seek the hated Turk,
The honor of the Cross sustain,
The cause of Christendom maintain,
And force the Crescent to retreat
Back to its early, eastern seat,
That Europe from its yoke set free
Might raise the shout of liberty.
But ere he left again the strand
To wander from his native land,
He boldly sought, nor sought in vain,
His patrimony to regain.
Success in part his efforts crowned,
And hence himself he gladly found
Possessor of a larger store
Of worldly wealth than e'er before.

CANTO II.

Supplied with funds, prepared to start,
Smith came to London to depart,
And in the splendid shops which there
Displayed their contents gay and fair,
Regardless of the cost, he bought
The various articles he thought
Most fit his person to adorn,
Like one to rank and riches born.
Then, like a caged bird set free,
He sailed again upon the sea.
A second time he seeks the shore
Of France, as he had done before.
A group of natives from that land,
A roving, wild, adventurous band,
A reckless, worthless, thievish set,
Though seeming fair, on board he met.
Attracted by his rich attire,
Their hearts were seized with strong desire
To gain possession of his wealth,
By any means, of force or stealth.
A plot among themselves they formed,
And with their pleasing arts so charmed
His youthful, unsuspecting heart,
That he consented to the part
Allotted unto him to play,
And to their cunning fell a prey.

[

The robbers landed on the shore,
And far away their booty bore,
While he, impoverished by the theft,
Behind them on the ship was left.
Yet many friends on board had he,
Who, maddened by the treachery
Which the commander of the bark,
A party to the scheme so dark,
Had basely shown to Smith that they
Were eager him to seize and slay.
But he from such revenge forebore,
And suffered them to do no more
Than on him vent their wrath and scorn
In curses deep as if hell-born.
Reduced again to penury
By this vile act of robbery,
With heavy heart he journeys on
In close companionship with one,
A person whom he met at sea,
A citizen of Normandy,
Who kindly, freely acts as guide
To lead him where the friends reside
Of those who had that deed performed,
And him so deeply, cruelly harmed.
But he, a friendless stranger there,
The injury could not repair,
Redress nor recompense obtained
For damage which he had sustained.
Yet still his sad and touching tale,
And striking presence, did not fail

To win for him the sympathy,
Secure the hospitality
Of many noble houses round,
Where he a kind reception found.
He might have long remained with these,
In unbought luxury and ease,
If such had been his will and mind,
If thus his wishes had inclined.
But little did such joys agree
With one so restless, roving, free,
Nor could his lofty nature bear
That he another's gifts should share,
And favors from his hand obtain
Which he could never pay again.
He therefore tore himself away,
And quickly ended here his stay.
From port to port he onward went,
Upon some ship of war intent,
That he his voyage might renew,
His Moslem pilgrimage pursue.
But having spent the little store
Of food and money which he bore,
He in a forest stopped to rest,
With hunger, cold and grief oppressed,
Where near a limpid fountain he,
Half-dead, beneath a spreading tree,
Was by a wealthy farmer found,
And with his loving-kindness crowned.
For by a generous pity moved,
A good Samaritan he proved,

Who caused him on his horse to ride,
And took him to his own fireside,
Where warmed, and fed, and sweetly cheered,
Himself again he soon appeared,
And with a lightened heart and gay,
Departing thence, pursued his way.

As through another forest he
Was one day passing, suddenly
A well-known form before him stood,
Whom he at once, in wrathful mood,
Determined to attack, despite
The tattered, mean, and piteous plight
In which just then he seemed to be—
An old acquaintance of the sea,
Concerned in that infernal snare
That stripped him of his treasures bare.
Nor one nor other spoke a word,
But instantly both drew the sword,
And front to front, in battle fierce,
Each other's vitals sought to pierce.
The simple peasants dwelling near,
With rapid flight, impelled by fear,
And curiosity to view
A scene so strange, exciting, new,
Collected on an ancient tower,
And witnessed thence the skill and power
Which each partaker in the fight
Displayed before their greedy sight.

Our hero's arms at length prevailed,
Beneath his blows the other failed,
And falling helpless to the ground,
Confessed to those that stood around
The blackened crime and guilt that Smith,
By word and deed, had charged him with.
But having thus subdued his foe,
And seeing him reduced so low,
The victor now compassion felt,
His hard and angry feelings melt.
Content with that which he had done,
And with the laurels he had won,
He nobly sheathed his shining blade,
No further vengeance he essayed.

With brave, determined, cheerful heart,
He wandered on through every part
Of western and south-western France,
His course directed as by chance,
Till he had passed entirely o'er
That kingdom to its southern shore.
And at Marseilles, a city famed
For causes more than can be named
Within the space that I can spare,
Without his stay prolonging there,
He passage took for Italy,
The country of the Holy See.
A band of Pilgrims, thither bound,
From various lands, on board he found.

Of different faith, they soon began
Their opposite beliefs to scan.
A bold defender he became
Of all who bore the hated name
Of Protestant or heretic,
And angry words flew fast and thick,
Until at length a storm arose,
When he, obnoxious to his foes,
Esteemed the cause of all their woes,
A second Jonah in their eye,
Was by their voice condemned to die.
They doom him to a watery grave,
And cast him headlong in the wave,
Expecting from this act that he
Would perish in the raging sea.
But He that rules and guides the storm
Preserved his life, and, free from harm,
He reached again the stable land,
Although it was a sterile strand,
A little isle, and nothing more,
St. Mary's called, near Savoy's shore.

Next morning, to his glad surprise,
A sail advancing he descries.
The vessel soon attains the shore,
And waits there till a calm is o'er.
The captain, as it chanced to be,
Had numerous friends in Brittany,
And, 'mong the rest, was neighbour to
A nobleman our hero knew.

A cordial friendship soon arose
Between them, as the story goes,
And Smith, now full of joy and love,
Resolved with him thenceforth to rove,
Along with him his fortunes try,
Where'er he ranged beneath the sky.
When next he felt the favoring gales,
The master quickly spread the sails,
And with our hero he again
Proceeded o'er the briny main.
They coast along by Corsica,
The island of Sardinia,
Along the shore of Sicily,
The Southern end of Italy,
And thence across the deep to where
Th' Egyptian city, proud and fair,
By Philip's son established, stands,
The former glory of all lands.
Departing thence their course they steer
Beneath that genial sky and clear,
Which o'er the Grecian isles is hung,
And oft by bards impassioned sung.
Their vessel plows th' Ægean wave.
The waters which Epirus lave,
With speed and beauty skims the main,
Till they the Adriatic gain.
A noble vessel here they see,
A rich Venitian argosie.
The ships in bloody strife engage,
The crews inflamed with mutual rage,

Nor from the work of death abstain,
Till many wounded, weak, or slain,
One side their colors strike, and yield
The honors of the naval field.
Our hero's ship victorious proved;
And with its booty onward moved.
A wondrous quantity they gained,
A precious treasure they obtained
Of silks, and velvet, cloth of gold,
And other things which scarce are told
In terms familiar to our ears,
Sultanies, sequins, piasters.
To Smith there fell a liberal share,
Attesting that in this affair,
Whatever motive stirred his heart,
He played a brave and valiant part.

Still westward bent, the vessel back
Its way retraced along the track,
O'er which the classic hero sailed,
When him the Fates of Troy had failed,
And flying from his native shore,
His sire and country's gods he bore,
His little son, and many more,
Companions of his suffering,
Attendants in his wandering,
And with them sought new seats to gain,
Far distant o'er the billowy main,
Hesperia's fair and fertile soil,
Where he, by bravery and toil,

Impelled by Jove's supreme command,
And Destiny's resistless hand,
Again should found an empire vast,
Which should through endless ages last,
A city whose proud walls should be
Coeval with eternity.

Our hero, through the misty haze,
Like him of old, his earnest gaze
Directed to the low foreground,
And gently rising hills that bound
The prospect in the distant rear,
As he Italia coasted near.

And sailing on, with equal care,
His vessel shunned the double snare
Which Scylla and Charybdis lay
For those who dare to pass that way.

And Ætna, too, before his eyes
Upreared his summit to the skies,
A flaming, boiling, bellowing mass,
As in the days of Æneas,

Which oft a dread, volcanic flood
Pours forth o'er city, field, and wood ;
His bowels hurls aloft in air,
And casts around a lurid glare ;
Huge rocks fly high, and like the rain,
Or stones of hail, fall back again ;
Dense clouds of fiery dust depart,
The breathings of his mighty heart,
And when resounds his trembling roar,
The island shakes from shore to shore.

Thus Nature's old, primeval frame
From age to age remains the same.
The works of man alone are changed,
By time, and war, and use deranged ;
His proudest monuments decay,
And, like a vision, pass away.

But now, with new desire possessed,
Smith to his friend the wish expressed,
When they had compassed Sicily,
Again drew near to Italy,
That he, by landing, might once more
Exchange the water for the shore.
The captain granted his request,
His farewell words to him addressed,
When, disembarked, he saw him stand
A stranger lone on Piedmont's strand.
But not was he cast down or pained,
He rather joyed that he had gained
An opportunity so fair
As that which he discovered there,
Of viewing that immortal field
Of arts and arms, whose treasures yield
Such plenty to instruct and please
The student in his house of ease—
Italia, famed in classic story,
Theatre of old Roman glory,
Long sunk in infamy and shame,
Unworthy of her ancient name,

But now again with honor crowned ;
For men, and arts, and arms renowned.
Through Leghorn passing on his way,
And various other towns that lay
Along the route, at length he came
To that gray capital, the same
That held the Cæsars in their prime,
Though dating far beyond their time,
By Romulus laid out and walled,
Thence Rome, th' Eternal City, called,
The Queen and Mistress of the world,
Who on her foes destruction hurled,
Until in turn she fell a prey
To Gothic arms, and passed away.
And yet her ghostly power remained,
O'er wondering nations still she reigned,
With priestly craft and arts refined
Maintained the empire of the mind.
It chanced that while Smith tarried here,
All eyes to see, all ears to hear,
He saw to him a strange affair,
The occupant of Peter's chair,
Pope Clement and a numerous train
Of cardinals, together deign,
With prostrate body, bended knee,
A formal, mock humility,
And motion serpentine, ascend
Those holy stairs which they pretend,—
A tale from old Tradition's fount—
Are those by which our Lord did mount

The Roman governor to meet,
And stand before his judgment-seat.
The places where his drops of blood
Down trickling fell upon that wood,
Were marked with shining nails of steel
And all who thither came to kneel
Were forced to kiss each glittering head
A substitute for spot of red.
'Twas thus some ninety years before,
A monk from Germany who bore
The name of Luther, and had come
To visit holy, mother Rome,
With simple, guileless, pious heart,
Had stooped to act a similar part,
Was crawling up that sacred flight,
When, like a sudden flash of light,
Or like a voice he seemed to hear,
Which startling fell upon his ear,
The words of Holy Writ proclaimed,
How deeply he himself had shamed
By that low, superstitious deed,
Demanded by the papal creed.
With bitter self-reproaches stung,
From that base penance up he sprung,
With horror from the scene he fled,
Back to his native country sped,
And there a trumpet blast he blew,
Which, like a call to battle, flew
Abroad, afar, on every hand,
Its echoes fell on every land,

And waked in many a struggling soul
The will to spurn the Pope's control,
The resolution to be free
From his degrading tyranny.

Our hero, leaving Rome, once more
Continued thence to wander o'er
The other parts of Italy,
With curiosity to see
The various objects, old and new,
Which offered to the traveller's view.
Before his rambles have an end,
His visits through the land extend
To Naples, Florence, Bologna,
To Virgil's birth-place, Mantua,
And other famous towns till he
Attains that city of the sea,
The many-isled commercial mart,
Which once performed a glorious part
Upon the universal stage,
Whereon communities engage
In acting out their destiny,
Whate'er their fates and fortunes be.
Centre of riches and of trade,
In splendor's vestments long arrayed,
With orient pearls and gems adorned,
All rivals envied, hated, scorned,
The former Mistress of the seas,
Her ships impelled by every breeze

That floated o'er the narrow space
Then known of ocean's mighty face.
Familiar unto all her name,
The story of her wealth and fame,
Her gondolas and liquid streets,
The boatmens' song that often greets
The listening ear at even-tide,
As through the stream their vessels glide :
The lion that meets the gazer's eyes,
The ducal palace, Bridge of Sighs,
The splendid square of San Marco,
The grand canal, and Rialto,
The scene of traffic to the Jew,
Whose living portrait Shakspeare drew !

At Venice quitting land again,
Our hero skims the watery plain,
The Adriatic courses o'er
Along the rude, Dalmatian shore.
Albania, too, before him lies,
Whose lofty ridges touch the skies,
The wild, and rugged, rocky home,
O'er which the Arnoot loves to roam.
His sailing ended, then he lands—
The place was where Ragusa stands—
And here recalling to his mind
The scheme he had at first designed,
His former purpose he renews,
Resolves to carry out his views.

He starts, and journeys thence by land,
Across Slavonia's broken strand,
To Gratz, the seat of Ferdinand,
Archduke of Austria at the time,
Then Emperor, august, sublime.
A numerous circle here he met
Of officers, a valiant set,
Connected with th' Imperial line,
And bent upon a bold design,
Another year of bloody work,
A new campaign against the Turk.
With these unto Vienna he
Departed, destined soon to be
In active services employed,
A prospect which he much enjoyed.
They reach the capital, and hear
On every side the voice of fear.
For news has come from Olympach,
The Ottomites have made attack
Against the place, a numerous host,
Full twenty thousand strong they boast,
The garrison must succor gain,
Or all their efforts will be vain.
A force that numbers half of those
Who form the army of their foes,
Ten thousand soldiers, hurry on,
With Smith among them, to the town
Beleaguered by the enemy,
To aid their friends in getting free.

But when arrived, they learn the way
Is so well guarded by th' array,
The serried ranks of those around,
That no admittance can be found,
Nor any mode to them is known
Of holding converse with their own.
Our hero's genius now appeared,
For such emergency prepared.
For he before Lord Ebersbaught,
Olympach's governor, had taught,
A plan of telegraphic signs,
By which he could within his lines
Convey whatever thought he would,
Provided on some height he stood
Where he might show a blazing light,
Whose gleam should strike upon the sight
Of those who formed the garrison
Within the close-invested town.
This circumstance he now revealed,
And to his martial chief appealed
That he this method might attest,
If to his judgment it seemed best.
The chief at once the scheme approved,
And had him thence by night removed,
Unto a lofty mountain height,
Where he displayed a burning light,
And by a mode, ingenious, new,
This message flamed upon the view
Of him whose gaze was thither bent,
To whom th' expected words were sent :

“A charge I’ll make, on Thursday night,
Against the east, with all my might :
You sally, too, when we appear,
When you the signal-gun shall hear.”
And back along that wire of flame,
“I will,” the ready answer came.

But doubts perplex the general still,
And numerous fears, misgivings fill
His wavering, anxious, tortured breast,
About the settled movement, lest
A failure should the plan attend,
A shameful and abortive end.
A second time our hero tries
To spread before his chieftain’s eyes,
A picture by another way
By which he might secure the day.
His quick assent he also yields
To this proposal, for he feels
His courage straightened, and his hope
Aroused anew that he may cope
Successfully with all his foes,
Their vast outnumbering force oppose.
The soldiers forthwith went to work,
Concealed from vision of the Turk,
At intervals erected posts,
And thence by cords suspended hosts
Of huge combustibles, thick strewn
With grains of powder o’er them thrown.

When all was ready, ere the fight
Began upon that dreadful night,
A spark to these was set, and then
They fired as if they had been men.
A volley as of musketeers
Fell suddenly upon the ears
Of those within the Turkish lines,
Forewarned by no preceding signs.
By this device misled, deceived,
The Turks poured forth, as they believed,
To meet this unexpected foe,
When on their rear a stunning blow
Descended from the armed band
Of him who had the chief command.
Nor they alone who stood without,
But those within the town rushed out,
Upon the Moslem ranks they fell,
With furious, wild, and savage yell.
Disorder spread through all the host,
Who soon gave up the field as lost,
And siezed with fear, with panic flight,
They hastened from the scene of fight.
The siege is raised, the place is free,
And chiefly through Smith's agency,
Who due promotion thence obtains,
A captain's rank and title gains.

Behold him in the next campaign
Still on the broad Hungarian plain,

Commander of a troop of horse,
Co-operating with a force
That numbered thirty thousand strong,
A vast, imposing, martial throng,
Which, full of energy and fire,
And burning with a warm desire
To smite the foe's insulting crest,
And from his iron grasp to wrest
Some portion of his ill-got spoil,
Expel him from that Christian soil,
No longer waits for his attacks,
But boldly on th' offensive acts.
To Abba-Royal siege is laid,
A place by art and nature made
Apparently so firm and strong
As to resist that powerful throng,
Or any force that e'er should try
Its frowning ramparts towering high.
For sixty years the Islam flag
Had streamed above its lofty crag,
And still in proud defiance waved.
Against the host whose wrath it braved.
And yet it fell, the dust it trailed,
For by the Christian ranks assailed
That fortress, firm and strong, at length
Gave way to their o'erpowering strength.
Our hero, ever in the van,
Or furnished with some skilful plan,
The offspring of his fertile mind,
Intent new strategems to find,

By which the enemy to foil,
Ensnare him in some fatal toil,
And thus an easier triumph gain
Than simple courage could obtain,
Again was ready with his art
To expedite and end the part
Which he and his were there to play,
And largely helped to win the day.
With various articles he made
A bomb, or species of grenade,
An ugly and destructive thing,
Which, hurled in masses from a sling,
Like fiery dragons seemed to bear
Themselves in terror through the-air,
And falling 'mid the Moslem crew
Vast numbers either maimed or slew.
They also set on fire the town,
Which threw a glaring blaze around,
Till weakened, battered, stormed and burned,
The place at last was overturned.
A cry is heard in proud Stamboul,
For grief has pierced the Sultan's soul,
We thought the cursed infidel,
More odious than a child of hell,
Had such a victory obtained,
Command of that strong city gained.
Resolving to retake the town,
Without delay he hastens on
A large and overwhelming host,
Thrice twenty thousand strong they boast,

With orders to surprise the foe,
That he might yield without a blow.
But of their coming well advised,
Determined not to be surprised,
The Christian leader boldly marched
To meet that host as it approached.
Upon the plains of Girke the two
Opposing armies came in view.
No time was lost, at once the work
Of death began against the Turk,
Nor ended till that mighty host
Before them melted as the frost
Dissolves beneath the rising sun—
Another victory they won.
Yet not without a struggle fierce
Did they that vast array disperse,
And many on the Christian side,
As well as Moslem, fell and died.
Our hero, flushed with wild delight,
Was all day foremost in the fight,
In glittering dress and arms arrayed,
His head a snowy plume displayed,
And, like the valiant knight of old,
The king of heart so brave and bold,
For strength and courage named the Lion,
Who on the plains of Palestine
So oft the Christian host inspired,
Till, with his own fierce ardor fired,
With eagle swoop, upon the foe
They pounced, and quickly laid him low ;

Or, like that chieftain dashing, bold,
Who on the plain renowned of old
As scene of many a bloody fight,
Where Tabor's summit greets the sight,
The Gallic banner proudly bore,
And fought as he had ne'er before,
The turbaned skull oft clave in two
With his good trusty blade and true,
So Smith rode o'er that awful plain,
And many by his hand were slain.
High o'er the rest his feather shows,
Beheld alike by friends and foes,
And long as gleaming in the light
That snowy plume remained in sight,
It served each Christian heart to cheer,
To every Moslem carried fear.
But not unharmed did he survey
The scenes of that momentous day,
Of which he was a leading part,
And mark of many a Turkish dart.
His noble steed sank on the ground,
Himself received a frightful wound.
Yet not unhorsed he long remained,
Nor from the raging fight abstained,
For easy 'twas another steed
To find in that extreme of need,
Since many wandered o'er the plain,
With saddles empty, riders slain,
And mounting one of these once more
His figure towered as before,

Nor from the field did he retire
Till ceased the battle's roar and fire.

Another winter passing round,
'Th' ensuing spring our hero found—
'Twas sixteen hundred then and two,
And he a youth of twenty-two—
Together with a numerous train
Of troops, encamped on the plain,
Which in the front of Regal lay,
Among the mountains far away
Where Transylvania's borders run
The nearest to the rising sun.
A numerous Moslem garrison,
Well-furnished, occupied the town.
The Christian army to pursue
Its course of conquest, had in view
The capture of this powerful hold,
Which reared aloft its aspect bold.
The siege began, but as the Turks
Perceived the slowness of the works,
Their breasts were filled with scornful pride,
They mount the ramparts and deride
The Christian dogs, and at them hoot,
Exclaiming, "Why so loth to shoot?
Your idle guns, it strikes our eyes,
For want of proper exercise,
Are growing wondrous fat and large,
Their loads too lazy to discharge."

A Moslem officer at length,
A man of giant form and strength,
Like him of Gath, who in his pride
The host of Israel's God defied,
But fell before the little stone
Against his brow by David thrown,
That he the ladies might delight,
Who longed to view some novel sight,
Some scene of pastime or of sport,
Like those enacted at the court,
A challenge sent unto his foes,
Daring their champion to oppose
Himself upon the open field,
To fight till one should fall or yield.
This message roused the Christians' ire,
Their leaders burned with hot desire
To meet that proud, defiant lord,
And make him rue his haughty word.
All equal in ambition, pride,
By lot alone could they decide
Which of their number forth should go
To measure weapons with the foe.
The wheel of fortune makes a turn,
Its issues watched with deep concern,
And from the secrets it conceals
Our hero's name at length reveals.
The point is settled thereupon
That he shall be their champion.

The day is fixed, the time arrives,
The two have staked their precious lives,
And all are eager to behold
The meeting of those warriors bold.
Upon the ramparts of the town
Appeared the Turkish garrison,
A brilliant and imposing throng,
A line extending far along,
Displaying many gentle forms
Of women in their gayest charms,
Whose presence, smiles, and favoring gaze,
The wish and hope to gain their praise,
Were motives in their champion's heart
To act successfully his part.
But more than all the Moslem name,
The Crescent's honor, cause, and fame,
Were now to be by him sustained,
Against th' opposing Cross maintained.
Nor less was stirred our hero's heart
With honor to perform his part,
Although no sweetly beaming eyes,
Like stars that glitter in the skies,
Which in their courses once o'erthrew
Proud Sisera and his pagan crew,
Their kindling influence on him shed,
As he went forth to risk his head.
But what perhaps was dearer far
To him, so fond of glorious war,
Its pomp, its pride, and circumstance,
As are the martial sons of France,

The Christian troops, in bright array,
Were all in order ranged that day,
And stood intently gazing on
Himself their chosen champion,
The cause of every Christian land
By them intrusted to his hand.
The signal given, Smith mounts his steed,
And sallies out with proper speed,
Attended by a single page,
The bearer of his lance, t' engage
His Moslem rival, should he come,
Do battle for all Christendom,
Alike with love of glory fired,
And with religious zeal inspired.
Precisely at that moment too
Lord Turbashaw appeared in view,
A brilliant, showy, gorgeous sight,
His armor glistening in the light,
His horse a noble fiery steed,
One of the best of Tartar breed,
Adorned with trappings rich and bright,
Whose points and streaks of silvery white
From bridle, saddle, crupper shone,
And dazzling flashed, as he came on.
A Janizary in advance
Was seen to bear his glittering lance,
Another on each side to lead
His ardent, fierce, high-mettled steed.
But that which chiefly caught the eye
Was something splendid, towering high

Above the rider's lofty frame,
Which proved, as on he nearer came,
A pair of epaulets or wings,
Gigantic, unexampled things,
Of eagle's feathers firmly placed
Within a silver ridge, and faced,
Or richly studded here and there
With gold and precious stones most rare.
Nor yet in silence did he go,
Thus dressed, to meet his Christian foe,
But with a loud and cheering sound
Of haut-boys echoing far around.
Assuming each his proper place,
Our hero, with true knightly grace,
A salutation first addressed
Unto his rival, and expressed
The pleasure which it gave his heart,
In such a scene to bear a part.
Then, as he heard the trumpet sound,
He spurred his horse, and with a bound
Against the foe so highly flushed
With pride and hope, he forward rushed.
The other two, with equal speed,
Urged on his gallant, fiery steed,
Till, like two mighty ships that flee,
Mid storm and darkness, o'er the sea,
And meet with dread, terrific crash,
While ruin follows from the clash,
Those warriors met upon the plain,
Each bent the laurel to obtain.

A shock of death, a fatal work
It proved unto the boastful Turk.
Our hero's lance ran through his brain—
He fell, and never breathed again.
But Smith escap'd without a wound,
And then alighting on the ground,
He from its trunk the Moslem's head,
Ghastly and crimsoned o'er with red,
Dissevered, and in triumph bore
The token of his victory o'er
The open, wide-extended plain,
Until he reached his friends again.

Grief spread through all the Moslem host,
When they beheld their champion lost,
But one more warmly than the rest
To him attached, felt in his breast
A vengeful ire, a boiling rage,
An earnest longing to engage
The victor of his vanquished friend,
The author of his mournful end.
Grualgo was the name he bore,
And with a dreadful oath he swore
He would revenge his comrade's death,
Or falling too, yield up his breath.
Thus on retaliation bent,
He to our hero quickly sent
A special challenge him to meet
Upon the field, and there repeat
The single combat, till defeat

On one or other should descend,
And to the contest put an end.
This challenge he accepted too,
And duly both appeared in view.
Again the trumpets pealed a blast,
When each upon the other cast
A transient look, a scowling glance
Of vengeance, then with couched lance
They onward flew to battle fierce,
And sought each other's heart to pierce.
But such the fury of the shock,
Their spears were shivered like a rock,
When bursting with a thundering sound,
Its shattered fragments fly around.
Next moment both their pistols raised,
And fired—the Moslem's shot just grazed
The ear of Smith, and whizzing brushed
His bushy locks, as on it rushed.
He to his foe did greater harm,
A ball he planted in his arm,
That forced him to relax the hold,
By which he reined his charger bold,
Who reared, and plunged, and wheeled
around,
And dashed his rider to the ground.
An instant more our hero's blade
A headless trunk his frame had made;
Then leaving there his bleeding corse,
He bore away head, arms, and horse.

Elated, flushed, our hero now,
With doubled wreath upon his brow,
The weary hours to pass away
Which heavy hung from day to day,
A message to the ladies sent,
Who for the slain made loud lament,
That he was not so deeply moved
With charms of those by them beloved,
But that he would those heads restore
Which he had captured theretofore,
If that another champion
To ransom those would risk his own.
This challenge was at once assumed
By one, with burning wrath consumed,
A man of huge and stalwart frame,
Who bore the somewhat comic name
Of Bonny Mulgro, and so feared
The skill with which our hero speared
His adversaries on the field,
That he declined the lance to wield:
With pistol, battle-axe, and sword
Alone would fight, and thus sent word.
Our hero yielded his consent,
And with these arms alone he went
To meet again his opponent.
The scene of conflict was the same
Where he had gained his recent fame,
And on the ramparts of the town
Once more appeared the garrison,

With many ladies fair and bright,
To gaze upon the approaching fight.
Due courtesies they first exchange,
Then, standing within pistol range,
They fire their pieces, but in vain,
Next fall to work with might and main,
With pondrous battle-axes aim
To hack and hew each other's frame.
Our hero from his powerful foe
At length received a stunning blow,
Which nearly hurled him from his seat—
His battle-axe fell at his feet.
His star, it now appears, must set,
His equal he at last has met,
Before whose prowess he must yield,
And lose the honors of the field.
A shout of triumph rose aloud
From Regal's sympathizing crowd,
While through the Christian ranks there swept
A shuddering groan, and many wept
As if their champion's race was o'er,
And they should never see him more.
But in a moment all was changed,
The Moslem fortunes were deranged,
Again the sun of victory shone
Upon the Christian arms alone.
Our hero straightened up once more,
And rose as proudly as before.
His horse, obedient to his will,
He managed with surprising skill,

Avoided, parried every blow
Proceeding from his eager foe,
Then drawing forth his falchion,
He pierced the Turkish champion,
And as he had twice done before,
His head in triumph thence he bore.

The Christian host, with loud applause,
Greeted the champion of their cause,
Whose single, stout, and sinewy arm,
Had to the Moslems done more harm,
Than if a thousand forth had gone
To meet the foe instead of one.
Hence admiration, joy, and pride
Swelled every bosom on their side,
And with spontaneous, wild huzza,
They rent the air when him they saw
His third and last opponent slay,
And victor bear his head away,
And as he slowly crossed the plain,
With shouts received him back again.
Resolved that one so bold and brave
Due honor and reward should have,
Six thousand troops, with one consent,
Conduct him to the General's tent,
While in the front three steeds are led,
Before each horse a Moslem' head
Upon a lance is borne along—
A joyous and triumphal throng,

The chieftain, with a gladsome face,
Received him to his warm embrace,
Then gave him more substantial meed,
A fair and richly furnished steed,
A costly belt and scimitar,
A weapon used in eastern war,
While he a higher grade attained,
A major's rank and title gained.
And when at length proud Regal fell,
Mid scenes of horror fit for hell,
When darkness had obscured the field,
But for the light the guns did yield,
A generous prince, Sigismund named,
For noble, virtuous actions famed,
Smith's exploits coming to his ear,
So joyed such wondrous deeds to hear,
That in his liberality,
A patent of nobility,
A portrait of himself in gold,
(The half as yet is scarcely told)
A richly ornamented shield,
With three Turk's heads within the field,
And pension that would yearly yield
A handsome sum, to him he gave—
Such are the laurels of the brave.

From Transylvania now expelled,
The Moslems still Wallachia held,
And thither marched the Christian chief,
Elated with the vain belief,

Engendered by his late success,
A feeling which he oft expressed,
That no collection of his foes,
However great, could him oppose.
A common error—such an one,
That even the great Napoleon
Was in its fatal meshes snared,
When in his pride he madly dared
O'er Russia's dreary wastes to lead
His bannered hosts, by heaven decreed
To fall beneath her wintry snows,
More dreadful than their human foes.
But in the conduct of the war
Our hero proved a guiding star,
Whose influence long his chief restrained,
And many victories were gained.
On numerous fields he bravely fought,
And prodigies of valor wrought,
While ne'er before his genius shone
With brighter lustre and renown.
Expedients oft he multiplied
By which the battle to decide,
Such various arts and skill displayed,
His friends were joyed, his foes dismayed,
And triumph after triumph shed
Fresh fame and glory on his head.
At length a victory was gained,
Surpassing all before obtained,
And as in former cases too,
Was mainly to our hero due.

But then, beyond all reason flushed,
The Christian leader blindly rushed
Into a snare or ambuscade,
Among wild mountain passes laid.
As when a prey to Indian wiles,
Amid the narrow deep defiles
Of Alleghany's rugged chain,
Proud Braddock and his band were slain.
An issue which had ne'er occurred,
Had he to Washington deferred,
His prudent counsel made his guide,
Instead of scorning in his pride.
Nor had that other chief been snared,
With all who then his fortunes snared,
If he to Smith had given ear,
His words of caution deigned to hear.
But so it was, the Christian host
Surprised, were almost wholly lost.
Yet not like dastards did they yield,
Surrendering at once the field,
But with heroic courage met
The sudden, bold, and fierce onset,
Which, like an unexpected blow,
Proceeded from the hidden foe.
Aloud they raised their battle-cry,
Resolved that if foredoomed to die,
They would their lives most dearly sell,
And wreak their vengeance, ere they fell.
'Twas thus our own Southwestern braves
Mid heaps of slaughtered made their graves,

When, overpowered by the foe,
They fell within the Alamo.
So fought that Christian army then,
Within that narrow mountain glen,
A bloody struggle long maintained,
Nor from the deadly fight abstained,
Till friend and foe, together slain,
Some thirty thousand strewed the plain.
And when at length the battle ceased,
The Christian ranks were so decreased,
That, of their numerous friends bereft,
But thirteen hundred men were left,
And these alone escaped to tell
How on that field their comrades fell.
A sad and mournful story they
Related of that awful day
For there the bravest and the best
Of Transylvania sank to rest.
A numerous band of noblemen,
With many gallant gentlemen,
Of Christendom the pride and flower,
Encountered then their final hour.
Among the rest nine Englishmen,
Our hero's native countrymen,
Upon that fatal field lay dead,
O'er whom the friendly tear he shed.
For sake of Christ and his good cause,
The gospel and its holy laws,
Bravely and long their ground they stood
Achieved whate'er their valor could,

And when unable to do more,
Their mortal race at last was o'er,
They left their bodies there to prove
Their christian courage, faith and love.
Such is the tribute of Smith's pen
To his lamented countrymen.
He, too, their fate had nearly shared,
Though heaven his life in mercy spared,
For, suffering with a horrid wound,
He lay extended on the ground,
Mid many a gasping soul around,
Supposed to be among the dead,
When thence the Christian remnant fled.

CANTO III.

Pursue we still a saddened strain,
For, roaming o'er that narrow plain
In quest of plunder, cast the view
Upon a hardened, desperate crew,
Who strip alike the dead and dying,
Insensible to pain and crying,
Like ravening wolves, or birds of prey,
Mere beasts in human form are they.
As vulture-like the field they hover,
Our hero they at length discover,
Arrayed in armor rich and bright,
An object pleasing to their sight.
Impressed from thence with supposition,
That he had held a high position,
Some officer of noble birth,
Whose ransom would to them be worth
A large amount, they spare his life,
And bear him from that scene of strife.
A prisoner to a neighboring town,
Where kept, till all their hopes had flown
That he would be by friends redeemed,
And from his wounds recovered seemed,
They placed him on the block, and sold
His christian flesh for Moslem gold.
A dealer in the human frame
His ready purchaser became.

Around his neck he threw a chain,
And bound him to a numerous train
Of other slaves, who, two and two,
Defiled before their master's view,
Then marched, a long-extending gang,
To music of their fetters clang,
To Adrianople, there to be
Re-sold into captivity.
An Ottoman who bore the name
Of Bashaw Bogal, next became
His owner, moved with the intent
The Christian captive to present
To one before whose shrine he knelt,
His beauteous lady-love, who dwelt
Within Constantinople's walls,
An occupant of princely halls.
Charatza Banda was her name,
For whom a lively, ardent flame
He cherished, and thus sought to prove
The depth and fervor of his love.
Thither he therefore sent our Smith
To be her slave, accompanied with
The boastful, false, high-sounding word,
That he, a great Bohemian lord,
Had to himself been forced to yield
Upon the recent battle-field.

He reached at length his destination,
A menial's low, degraded station.

But struck with his heroic mien,
Surpassing all she e'er had seen,
His mistress felt for him compassion,
Which soon became a wilder passion.
For in a language, soft and sweet,—
Italian—tongue supremely meet
For all the uses of a lover,
The heart's emotions to discover,
She held with him communication,
And questioned him about his station,
Whether in truth he were a lord,
According to the Bashaw's word.
With frankness he at once confessed
That he had never been addressed
As such, or any other than
A plain, untitled Englishman,
Devoted to the martial art,
And wont to act a soldier's part.
Moreover, that the said Bashaw,
Till purchased by him, he ne'er saw.
She then to him preferred request,
An earnest, warm desire expressed,
That unto her he would relate,
The story of his former fate,
The different countries he had seen,
And every strange, adventurous scene,
In which he had an actor been.
He yielded, and like him of yore,
Who all his deeds recounted o'er

To Dido's listening, pleased ear,
Who eager bent each word to hear,
To her detailed his wondrous story,
His travels, toils, and feats of glory.
So with his marvellous tale the Moor,
Though black and ugly as a boor,
Fair Desdemona captive led,
Till she consented him to wed.
Thus by our hero's story moved,
The fair Charatza sighed and loved,
Declared her faith that all was true,
Which he unfolded to her view.
His image ever in her breast,
By day nor night she could not rest.
Whate'er she did, where'er she turned
The fire of love within her burned.
Slow passed away the hours of light,
More slowly still the weary night.
She seeks her couch, but seeks in vain,
Hers is a feverish, throbbing brain,
And from her presence slumber flies,
As balmy influence seals her eyes.
Oh! the sweet bliss, the pain of love,
How mortal bosoms swell and move,
When they its potent workings prove.
Thus felt the Carthaginian Queen,
When she the Trojan prince had seen,
Her heart a billowy sea became,
The seat of passion's raging flame,

Which, fuel being not supplied,
Consumed herself, until she died.
And thus within the Turkish maid
A restless, burning passion preyed,
Awakened by that beauteous man,
The captive, menial Englishman.
On him with deep delight she gazed,
Admired his form, his features praised,
And nearer to him she often drew,
And many a secret interview
For conversation with him held—
The happy lovers none beheld.
But apprehensive lest her mother
Her fondness for him should discover,
Remove him from his servile station,
And place eternal separation
Between them, she a jealous lover,
In haste dispatched him to her brother,
A dweller in Crim Tartary,
Upon the borders of the sea
Of Azoff, making in a letter
Request that he would so oblige her
As to receive the Christian slave,
And generous treatment let him have:
Avowing that while him she sent
Unto his charge, she only meant
That he should there such time sojourn,
As would suffice for him to learn
The proper use of Turkish tongue,
And ways of those he was among,

Till she in season should become
The mistress of herself and home ;
Intending doubtless then to call
Him back again unto her hall,
And yielding up to him her all,
Make him the sovereign of her house,
And be his loving, happy spouse—
A vision destined soon to fade,
And vanish, like a passing shade.

The scenes we therefore shift again ;
Once more behold him on the main ;
Byzantium from his view recedes,
As on his voyage he proceeds.
Northward the vessel's course is bent,
On either hand a continent,
Unfolding many a lovely scene,
As he is borne along between.
Then entering on a broader sheet,
His eyes the Euxine's waters greet,
And favoured with propitious gales,
The bark upon its surface sails,
Till he his destination gains,
Taurida's storm-beat shore attains.
Here fable placed eternal night,
Where never shown the pleasant light.
Here Winter reigned throughout the year,
And nought existed that could cheer.
A land of cannibals and giants,
A race obedient to their tyrants,

A monster king as e'er was seen,
And savage Amazonian queen,
Who, when Ulysses much-enduring,
His wandering voyage still pursuing,
Approached and landed on their coast,
Commanded forth a mighty host,
Who seized his ships, the men o'erpowered,
Their bodies then as fish devoured,
While in a single bark but he,
And those it bore, regained the sea.
Here was the cradle of the Celt,
Here oft the shock of war was felt.
A hundred nations here have fought,
A thousand changes have been wrought,
And, latest in the scene or story,
Figure those fields of martial glory,
Where, with the Autocrat contending,
Britain and Gaul their forces blending,
Repelled the foe, or onset made,
His august port in ruins laid.

Delivered to Charatza's brother,
Reception Smith obtained far other
Than in his vision he had thought,
Which hope and fancy oft had wrought.
For scarce had he perused the letter
Transmitted to him by his sister,
When indignation fired his soul,
Which burned as if beyond control.

Suspicion flashed across his mind
Regarding that which she designed.
The love and plan which she concealed,
Her own epistle but revealed.
Enraged at the discovery,
The object of her passion he
Surveyed with hate and jealousy,
Nor could his haughty spirit brook
Our hero's noble, daring look.
Himself alone, untrammelled, free,
All others must obedient be
To his despotic tyranny ;
With meekness, too, their yoke must bear,
And by their outward looks and air
Their inward lowliness express,
Subjection to his will confess.
And if, a stranger to his rule,
Like new disciple come to school,
Another's brought to be his slave,
Of spirit lofty, daring, brave,
He snuffs rebellion in the breeze,
Resistance in his eyes he sees,
Trembles for his monopoly
Of honor, pride, and liberty,
Resolves at once to vindicate
The terror of his high estate,
Such temper to subdue and break,
And with appropriate measures make
The creature in his presence quake,

Till, sunk in shame and degradation,
He loses every aspiration
For freedom and higher station.
With feelings such as these the Turk
Upon our hero went to work,
Commandment first he therefore gave
That he should undergo a shave,
Which operation stripped him bare,
Left head and face without a hair,
Direction unto that succeeded,
That he should wholly be denuded,
Which done, a coat of undressed hide
Was to his body then applied.
His neck was girt with iron band,
Or ring, which bore his master's brand,
"Now go, you cursed dog," he said,
"Perform the task that's on you laid,
Remember I'm your sovereign lord,
And if I ever hear a word
From those base Christian lips of thine,
In answer to command of mine,
I'll teach your rotten flesh to feel
The power with which you have to deal."
With listening ear the charge he heeded,
Then to his servile work proceeded.
A tide of thoughts coursed through his soul:
"Is it," he asked, "the only goal
Of my adventurous, daring flight,
On this Tartarian shore to light?

Am I, a free-born Englishman,
To crouch before an Ottoman?
And Christian too, to be the slave
Of this imperious Moslem knave?
Oh! bitter, hard and cruel fate,
To be reduced to such a state."

Wealthy and powerful, high in station,
The Timour had a large plantation,
A vast, extensive tract of land,
Which stretched for miles along the strand,
And three leagues inward from the sea
That eastward lies of the Crimea.
A numerous band, with slavish toil,
Obeyed his orders, tilled his soil,
Of whom the greater part by far
Were Christian captives, fruits of war.
Some old, some young, some single, married,
All there by force detained, long tarried
Away from country, home, and wife,
And passed a sad, embittered life.
Scanty their fare, and such their meat
A hungry dog would scarcely eat.
Their garments and their lodging mean,
As e'er in any land were seen.
But worse than shelter, dress and food,
Their backs were often died with blood
Added to those already there,
Our Smith received no better fare.

But having come the last of all,
Was rather treated with more gall
And brutal rigor than the rest,
With true Egyptian rule oppressed.
Yet still a star of hope oft shed
A cheering ray upon his head,
As through the thick and gloomy night
It shone afar in splendor bright.
That star Charatza glowed and burned,
To whom alone his mind was turned,
For influence that should set him free,
Restore him unto liberty.
"Surely," he thought, "she does not know,
That I am shamed and treated so,
Else would her love my fetters shiver,
And from this bondage me deliver."
With various plans he racked his brain,
By which escape from thence to gain,
But all alike seemed hopeless, vain.
Those fellow-christians, too, addressed,
Who had been longest there oppressed,
His wishes unto them related,
And with them oft the point debated,
Whether it were not possible
To fly from that terrestrial hell.
But with one voice they all agreed,
No scheme of flight could e'er succeed.

The captured lion in his cage
Is awful in his roar and rage.

The tiger is a fearful sight,
When he inflamed displays his might.
But more terrific far than they,
Or any other beast of prey,
Became that Christian captive there,
Fired with hate, and maddened by despair.
Maltreated, spurned from day to day,
His self-command at times gave way,
When, in a fierce, desponding mood,
His heart would vent a fiery flood
Of passion, an eruption dread
As e'er poured forth from mountain-head.
While in a distant barn engaged
In threshing grain, he grew enraged.
A fit of madness o'er him came—
He raved, and cursed the 'Timour's name.
It chanced just then that the Bashaw
Approaching towards the house he saw.
He entered, and at once began
To beat, revile the Englishman,
The object of his special hate,
And subject of more cruel fate
Than any other slave he had,
However wayward, vicious, bad.
Though such had been his usual way,
His practice almost every day,
Yet now his words and blows were more
Contemptuous, hard, than e'er before.
A keener sense of degradation,

A livelier hatred of his station,
A deeper, fiercer indignation,
Sprung up within the captive's soul,
And lost to thoughts of self-control,
Or consequence that might ensue
From what he was about to do,
He raised his bat, and gave a blow
That laid the odious tyrant low,
And sent his ghost to realms below.

Released and free by this bold deed,
Behold him mount a fiery steed,
And like Mazeppa in his flight,
Depart and vanish out of sight.
Collected, calm, he looked around,
And chose such objects as he found.
The splendid dress he made his own,
In which arrayed the Timour shone.
The body of the dead Bashaw
He hid beneath a heap of straw.
He filled with corn an empty sack,
And closed the door behind his back.
Then mounting his late master's steed,
He left the hated spot with speed.
A stranger to the country round,
No path that led from thence he found,
But blindly wandered here and there,
A prey to fear and black despair.
Still in the last extremity,
Like Jews of old at the Red Sea,

It pleased Jehovah him to show
A road by which he thence might go.
This way was called the Castragan,
Which through those boundless steppes ran,
And lest the traveller should stray,
And erring lose his proper way,
At every crossing there were placed
Guide-boards so pointed, marked and faced,
As to direct the inquiring one,
How he should rightly journey on.
A half-moon figure signified
Crimland, and thither served to guide.
A man in black with white spots dotted
As sign to Persia was allotted.
A picture of the orb of day
To distant China showed the way.
The symbol of the cross revealed
The road to Muscovy concealed,
A land whose borders far away
From Little Tartary then lay,
But which, with wide-embracing grasp,
Doth now that Chersonesus clasp.
Our hero chose the way that led
To Muscovy, and thither sped.
By day and night he onward flew,
Each moment dreading lest a crew
Of Turks, like blood-hounds on his track,
Should overtake and bear him back;
And filled with equal apprehension,
Which kept his nerves in constant tension,

Lest any of the hated race
By chance should meet him, face to face,
And judging from his iron band
That he was flying from their land,
Should seize him as a runaway,
And force him to retrace his way.

Oh! who the agony can tell,
Which, like the torturing pains of hell,
Consumed his breast by day and night,
Throughout that long and dangerous flight?
Two weeks were passed, the third begun,
Ere he his weary race had run,
When on the sixteenth day he found
Himself upon Muscovian ground,
And reached a Russian garrison,
Established on the river Don.
A kindly welcome here he gained,
Security and rest obtained.
For, touched with tender sympathy,
The chief commander set him free
From that accursed ring he wore,
Which galled his neck and made it sore.
The soothing care of woman, too,
Fell on him like the gentle dew,
Revived his drooping, fainting heart,
And gave his blood a fresher start,
So that another man he seemed,
As if from death itself redeemed.

For by his tale of hardships moved
Him Calamata pitied, loved.
But 'tis a doubtful question whether
Pity alone, or love inflamed her.
Some think she felt an ardent passion,
And others but a soft compassion,
Such as inspires the female breast
For all by want or woe oppressed.
To taste the sweets of glory, fame,
The pleasures which attend a Name,
To move in grand, triumphant state,
Enrolled among the high and great,
And from admiring nations hear
Applauding pæans, far and near,
Became our hero's happy lot,
When he departed from that spot.
For, furnished with a large convoy,
He homeward bent his face with joy.
Through Russia's plains and forests lay,
'Mid scattered villages, his way;
And bearing notes of commendation,
At every military station,
A kind reception him awaited,
And when his story he related,
All heard with joy and admiration,
His strange and marvellous narration,
And hardship's pleasing termination:
Spontaneous praise to him addressed,
Made him a free and honored guest,

Before him spread the festive board,
With richest, choicest viands stored,
In various ways, 'mid scenes of mirth,
Paid tribute to his valor, worth,
And presents on him oft bestowed,
Ere he proceeded on his road.
Thus, like a Roman conqueror,
Returning from the field of war,
From post to post he passed along,
Admired, extolled by every throng.
To Transylvania next he came,
Scenes of his former deeds of fame,
Where troops of friends, with glad surprise,
Upon him cast again their eyes,
Delighted that he still survived,
And by his daring had contrived
T' escape the Moslem's cruel sway,
And back to freedom make his way.
Such entertainment here he found,
With transports he was nearly drowned.
His heart was glutted with content,
And here his life he would have spent,
But for a mastering desire,
Which burned within, a quenchless fire,
Old England's face once more to see,
The land of his nativity.
He therefore bade his friends adieu,
And going thence, he journeyed through
The midst of Upper Hungary,
Thence onward into Saxony.

At Leipsie 'twas his lot to find
That prince of large and generous mind,
Whose bounty he before had proved,
Who now again with kindness moved,
Gave him a five-fold greater store
Of money than he did before.
This stroke of fortune changed his mind
From what he had till then designed—
A direct passage to his home—
Resolving that he still would roam
Through various lands, their cities view,
Learn more than he already knew,
Ere he his journey's end attained,
The country of his birth regained,
Through Dresden then, and Magdeburg,
He travelled unto Wittenberg.
To Augsburg next he made his way,
From whence his course through Frankfort
lay,
He then by Strasburg passed through France,
Until he reached the town of Nantes.
A long and winding route he took,
On numerous countries cast a look,
And other cities not here named,
In European story famed.
He ventured next upon the main,
Performed a voyage unto Spain,
When through that land a tour he made,
And all its leading towns surveyed,

Such as Cadiz and Valladolid,
Seville, Cordova, and Madrid,
As did that brilliant son of song,
Who trace Childe Harold's way along.

Sated with Europe, next he sailed
To Africa, where war prevailed.
Debarking on the Barbary strand,
He journeyed from the coast inland,
The Moorish capital he gained,
Much information there obtained.
A world of scenes and objects new
There opened on his wandering view,
Differing from all he e'er had seen
In other lands where he had been.
Vast ruins also round him lay,
The mournful traces of decay,
Which proved Morocco's former glory,
A brighter period in her story.
From thence to Fez he made his way,
Which then enjoyed a palmy day,
And also gazed, with fresh surprise,
Upon that city's wealth and size:
Four hundred thousand souls it held,
Few fairer towns he e'er beheld.
But shortly ending there his stay,
He to the coast retraced his way,
When, carried by a ship of war,
He soon from thence was borne afar.

Not of his own accord he went,
But rather forced by accident.
For, having gone on board to sup,
A fierce and sudden gale sprung up,
Which drove the vessel out to sea,
Ere he again could landed be.
Westward she ran for many miles,
As far as the Canary Isles.
Here by two Spanish ships pursued,
A dreadful sea-fight next ensued.
Two days and nights the conflict raged,
In close encounter oft engaged,
When firing at a greater space,
Kept up a flight and eager chase.
Smith's vessel managed to escape,
Passed Santa Cruz, and Goa's Cape,
Returned to where she was before,
A port upon North Afric's shore,
Whence homeward bound he skimmed the
main,
And into England came again.

My sketch is done: what shall I say
Of him we've followed in his way?
A warrior brave he stands confessed,
A genius versatile possessed.
In stratagems and arts of war
With Hannibal will he compare.
In valor equal to Achilles,
In travel he surpassed Ulysses.

More countries, cities, men he viewed,
A longer, stranger course pursued,
Than did that wanderer famed of old,
Whose story Homer's verse has told.

CANTO IV.

Resume we now our hero's story,
And follow him to scenes of glory
Upon a different stage and new,
Where savage wonders meet the view.
Behold him leave the ancient world,
And with his country's flag unfurled,
Across th' Atlantic make his way
To barbarous regions far away
Beyond its broad expanse, where lay
The new and western hemisphere,
That he might aid in planting here
The seeds of empire, and transfer
To this wild, rude, and desert strand
The blessings of his native land;
The wilderness subdue, transform,
The savages convert, reform,
And here erect a Christian nation,
At least establish the foundation,
On which in after-days should rise,
In towering grandeur to the skies,
A social fabric strong and great,
A populous and powerful State.
But ere we enter this new sphere,
Depict the scenes enacted here,
'Tis meet that others on this stage
Before our hero, should engage

Attention for a little space,
Those members of a giant race,
Who in the New World laurels won,
Whose work immortal here was done.
Columbus ! cheated of thy name,
This continent yet speaks thy fame.
And long as Andes rears his crown,
Or Amazon his flood pours down,
Or Mississippi rolls his tide,
Thy glory cannot be denied.
Thou art above all common fame,
Not king or conqueror is thy name,
But that which best declares thy worth,
Is, Finder of another earth.
Thou Alexander dost transcend,
Thy race began where his did end.
He o'er those nightly regions swept,
Which formed the ancient globe, and wept
That other world displayed no field,
Where the victor's sword might wield.
But thou another world didst find,
And opened to the human mind
A new, and large, and glorious sphere,
In which to run a bright career.
Thou didst what others dared not do,
Sailed o'er th' unknown waters blue,
And triumph o'er the murmuring crew,
Until at length, in deep of night,
Thy eager, anxious, watchful sight
Beheld afar a moving light,

Presage of what was soon desiered,
Land! land! in ecstacy was cried.
O happy moment unto thee!
How swelled thy mighty soul and free!
What rapture glowed within thy breast,
A joy in vain by words expressed!
Success has all thy labors crowned,
The long sought western land is found.
Thou hast at last obtained the prize,
Thy glorious visions realized,
No longer empty dreams of night,
But faith and hope are lost in sight!
Yet not the honor thou didst claim,
But humbly didst thou praise His name,
Who raised thee up, and sent thee forth,
And gave thee all thy strength and worth.
Upon the shore debarking, bending,
And meekly, lowly condescending,
Thy lips impressed the solid ground,
While all thy party stood around,
When, like a holocaust, to heaven
United, fervent thanks were given.

Returning to the East again,
We see thee re-appear in Spain
With tidings of the great event,
A new discovered continent.
Electric was the shock they gave,
And like an agitating wave,

Fast spread afar the deed of fame,
The new-found World, and finder's name.
As in Eolus' cave the winds
Fierce struggled, so the active minds,
The spirits restless, fiery, free,
Confined to Europe by the sea,
Their valor, strength, and ardor spent,
Within their narrow limits pent.
But now that barrier torn away,
With wild and happy freedom they
Rush forth to seek that wider sphere,
Of which, with deep delight, they hear.
Like flocks of birds they wing their flight,
And on those fairy isles first light,
Which were alone as yet revealed,
While all beyond remained concealed.
But moved by restless passion still,
And force of energetic will,
The love of fame, the thirst of gold,
Each impulse strong that stirs the bold,
The longing for discovery,
Dim visions of a great South Sea,
Some braver leaders than the rest,
With kindred followers, onward pressed.
Balboa on the Isthmus lands,
And from some roving Indian bands
The nearness of a great Sea learns,
To visit which his spirit yearns.
Through tangled wood and marshy plain,
His troop at length a mountain gain.

Its rugged sides they next ascend,
But ere they reach their journey's end,
The summit of the lofty chain,
He bids them stop, and there remain,
Till he returns to them again.
Alone he mounts the towering crest,
And eager gazes towards the West,
When, lo! to his o'erjoyed surprise,
An ocean vast before him lies.
"It is," he cried, "the Southern Sea,
And thou, O God, has granted me
The honor first of all to view
Its broad expanse of peaceful blue."
Then falling down he kissed the sod,
Through joy and gratitude to God.
Not Moses from his Pisgah height
Fair Canaan viewed with more delight.

Ponce De Leon, now bent with years,
A strange, enchanting story hears,
Relating to a mystic spring,
Whose ever-flowing waters bring
To wrinkled age immortal youth—
He doubted not the legend's truth.
It was indeed a pleasing thought,
For mortal man has ever sought
A remedy 'gainst dreaded death,
A way to keep the vital breath
Within us for a lengthened space,
And thus prolong our mortal race.

And Alchemy in secret wrought
For that same end De Leon sought,
The power, the skill, the living fount,
By means of which we might surmount
The shocks of time, the final blow,
And be immortal here below.
Vain idea, hope, and effort—all,
Death is the offspring of the fall,
The common destiny of man,
That terminates his little span ;
Nor earth, with all her strength, can give
The vital force by which to live
One moment more than He decrees,
Who governs all as he doth please.
And yet there is, beyond a doubt,
For man an ever-gushing fount
Of life and immortality,
And he that drinks shall never die.
That fount is Christ, the living Lord,
Receive, believe, obey his word,
And thou shalt surely prove this truth,
Derive from him eternal youth.
Leon with zeal his search pursues,
Though baffled oft the search renews,
And many a limpid spring he tries,
But all alike in vain—he dies.
Stern critic, look not coldly on
The fruitless search of De Leon.
Like him, and others of thy kind,
The Fount of Youth thou fain wouldst find,

And yet if only sought below,
That Fount for thee shall never flow.

O vile, accursed lust of gold,
How shall thy turpitude be told !
An inmate of the human breast,
How is the world by thee oppressed.
Of monstrous crimes, how large a breed
From thee, the fertile source proceed.
Theft, murder, rapine, villany,
Of every species and degree,
Are thy infernal progeny.
The root of universal evil,
Thou art vicegerent of the devil.
See Cortez, like a fire-brand,
Flame o'er the Aztecs' lovely land,
Devouring all within his path,
Who dared to brave his power and wrath.
In vain the feeble natives try,
With splendid gifts, to bribe and buy
The strange invader from their shore,
For these, the pledge of greater store,
But stimulate his lust the more,
Arouse, incite himself and band
To make the conquest of the land.
From Vera Cruz to Mexico,
Resistless as a torrent's flow,
The dauntless Spaniards onward go,
Remorseless as th' engulphing wave,
Or as the dread, insatiate grave.

Humanity in sorrow bleeds
At thought of their inhuman deeds.
At last they stand within the walls,
Sieze Montezuma in his Halls,
His mighty empire quakes and falls,
When victor, viceroy for Spain,
Cortez himself proceeds to reign.

Three hundred years and more had fled,
When, by a great commander led.
A brave, determined, gallant band
Marched through the same devoted land.
Like soaring eagle in his flight,
They passed o'er Cerro Gordo's height,
Nor stopped in their sublime career,
Till they the capital drew near.
Her hosts of brave defenders stood
To guard the city with their blood,
And many a fierce encounter proved
How well they fought for her they loved.
But all in vain—they fly, they yield,
The foe is master of the field,
In triumph enters through the gate,
With all the pomp of martial state,
When high above the city floats
The flag which his success denotes.
Then Scott, and Harney, Quitman, Lee,
Our columns led to victory.
But now the first a traitor turns,
His native State deserts and spurns,

And with the sword his mother gave,
Virginia—parent of the brave—
Her precious life-blood seeks to draw,
Preferring gold to honor's law.
A matricide shall be his name,
The synonyme of guilt and shame,
And stricken from th' immortal roll
Of Southern heroes, to the goal
Of infamy shall he descend,
Dishonored in time's latest end.
But higher yet in Glory's skies
The star of gallant Lee shall rise.
The brow of Johnston shall be seen
Entwined with laurels ever-green.
With trumpet clamor noisy Fame
Shall spread abroad Magruder's name,*
And give the praise to others due,
Whose hearts proved loyal, faithful, true.
O! blessing be upon them all,
Who, when they heard Virginia's call,
Surrendered wealth, and place, and power,
To stand by her in danger's hour.

As darts the tiger on the prey,
As hungry wolf at close of day
Goes forth to raven and to slay,
Pizarro and his hellish crew
Pushed to the conquest of Peru.

* Written just after the battle of Bethel.

Peru! the empire of the sun,
A land whose children first were won
From savage to a settled life
By Manco Capac and his wife;
Who gave instruction to the mind,
Their manners rude, uncouth refined,
And raised them from a low estate
To be a nation high and great.
Themselves descended from above,
They came to do a work of love,
Sent by the Ruler of the skies
That barbarous race to civilize.
By Nature's own direction guided,
He o'er the vulgar sex presided,
While she, supreme within her sphere,
The women had beneath her care.
The men by him were taught to wield
The implements by which the field
Is tilled and kept, and made to yield
Its timely fruits to those who toil
To gain subsistence from the soil.
And various other arts he taught,
How roads are made, and metals wrought,
And houses built, and laws ordained,
Good order through the land maintained,
Whate'er contributes to increase
A nation's glory, strength, and peace.
He also raised the mind on high
To Him who reigns beyond the sky,

The Lord, supporter, and the soul
Of those resplendent orbs that roll
In grandeur through the heavenly sphere,
That Him they might in heart revere.
But since, concealed as by a screen,
The Deity could not be seen,
He bade them fear the King of day,
And unto him their homage pay.
To him the temple proud they built,
For him the victim's blood they spilt,
And as his daily race was run,
They bowed in worship to the sun.
By Manco's wife, led in the race,
The gentler sex kept equal pace.
O'er them, with queenly grace she reigned,
Their hands to skilful work she trained,
And every womanly grace and art
To them she labored to impart.
Beneath their wise and virtuous sway
The nation prospered every day.
And when at length their course was ended,
And they to heaven again ascended,
They left a pleasing scene behind,
A people wealthy and refined,
Reclaimed within a recent date
From evils of a savage state,
A long succession of their race,
To them their noble lineage trace,
And each revolving age still saw
Peru the seat of wealth and law,

On giant trunks that towering rise,
Whose foliage intercepts the skies.
The woods are robed in brilliant green,
A boundless and unbroken scene
Of verdure splendid, fresh, and bright,
As e'er was offered to the sight.
The flowers in wild luxuriance bloom,
Loading the air with rich perfume;
An odoriferous paradise,
Enchanting to the gazer's eyes,
Pleasant alike to sight and smell
Beyond the power of words to tell.
In pleasing harmony with these,
Gay-plumaged birds among the trees,
In countless numbers, with their song,
Salute them as they pass along.
Yet rough their march, and toilsome, slow,
As o'er untrodden paths they go.
Dense thickets now impede their course,
Through which they cannot passage force.
Huge trees lie prostrate on the ground,
With broken branches scattered round,
And stagnant marshes oft they meet,
Where deeply sink in mire their feet,
Abounding too with lazy swarms
Of scaly monsters, void of charms,
Whose jaws immense and teeth of power
Threatened their bodies to devour.
But with adventurous spirits brave,
As dauntless sailors plow the wave,

When, maddened into rage and foam,
The sea resists them as they roam.
Its watery wastes, yet on they sail,
Unchecked by terrors of the gale,
So forward moved that roving band,
Through that rude, wild, and frightful land.

But as upon the boundless ocean
A ship advances with slow motion,
And, destitute of chart or compass,
On through the waves which her encompass,
Blindly pursues her unknown way,
Yet still there stretches far away
Nought but the same wide liquid plain,
The shoreless surface of the main,
So did that wilderness extend
Without a limit or an end.
In sand or stream no sign of gold
Did their inquiring eyes behold.
No fields or towns appeared in sight,
Which them to plunder could invite.
All, all was desolate and drear,
Without a single thing to cheer.
Six weary months had passed away,
Since in the genial days of May,
Their vessels moored in Tampa Bay.
No end of toil appeared in view,
Nor nearer to their goal they drew,
But still, as onward they proceeded,
Hope's objects, phantom-like, receded.

The stoutest hearts became appalled,
All clamored loud to be recalled.
“This wilderness,” they cried, “a grave
Will prove to us so proud and brave.
No wealth or glory here we gain,
Nor prospect that we shall attain
The ends we seek, before us lies—
He that advances further dies.”
Sternly their chieftain them addressed,
And thus their murmuring words repressed:
“Useless and vain is all ye say
To move me to retrace my way.
Fixed is my purpose, nor will I
Return till I the land descry.
If rich in gold, that gold I’ll find;
If poor, I’ll satisfy my mind.”

Four months in wintering they consume,
And with the spring their march resume.
From Apalachee’s coast they start,
And on a northern course depart.
The fertile plains they penetrate
Of what is now the “Empire State”
Of Georgia, filled with admiration,
And eager hope and expectation,
That soon the much-desired gold
Would to their eyes itself unfold.
Through forest, brake and flowing stream,
In pathless wilds, which endless seem,

They keep their persevering track,
Their chief disdaining to turn back.
Eastward they bend, and North again,
Till, having crossed the broad Champaign,
They reach at length the mountain chain,
Where dwelt, till late, untamed and free,
The fierce, brave, warlike Cherokee.
E'en now, while I these verses write,
I see that distant mountain height,
Which ever, from my humble home,
Looms up afar, beneath the dome
Of heaven, commingling with the sky,
An object pleasing to the eye.
Bold, beauteous land, O Cherokee!
Is that the Spirit gave to thee;—
A region picturesque and wild,
With climate genial, healthy, mild,
A soft, Italian atmosphere,
And sky as blue, serene, and clear,
A wide-extended scope or scene
Of mountains, hills, and vales between.
Here water, in a thousand forms,
Displays its ever-varying charms,
Now gushing forth from hill or mountain,
A bubbling, sparkling, joyous fountain,
Now leaping, laughing, dancing, free,
Goes bounding on, with wanton glee,
Or in the level plain below,
Meanders with more even flow,

Till stream with stream uniting, blending,
And in a common bed descending,
The liquid volume swells and grows,
And as a river onward flows.
All these in turn together run,
Their mingled currents flow in one,
Which glides in beauty, placid, free,
The fair, romantic Tennessec.
One spot, transcending all the rest,
Has left its image in my breast.
In lines indelible there traced,
Its features cannot be effaced,
But ever, as in thought anew,
Its beauties I recall to view,
The recollection stirs the heart,
Fresh thrills of pleasure through me dart,
No art of human pen can paint,
Except in outline feeble, faint,
This spot of Eden loveliness,
Its charms innumerable express.
Yet, fruitless as th' attempt may be,
I'll sketch it reader, unto thee :—

You'd stand upon a rising ground,
And look upon the scene around—
A glorious prospect meets the eye
Of forest, river, mountain, sky,
The landscape all its parts unfolds :
The raptured gazer first beholds.

The water in its winding flow,
Meandering through the vale below.
The river gently curves and bends,
With graceful sweep its bed descends,
Receding southward from the view,
And by an island cut in two,
Whence flowing onward, side by side,
The sister-currents smoothly glide.
Again they meet, then disappear
Mid trees and hills that cluster near,
But yet the prospect does not end,
For still beyond new heights extend.
Stretching afar from east to west,
Successive ridges rear their crest,
Rising from hills to mountain high,
Whose summit mingles with the sky.
Thus one above the other seen,
Each robed in forest mantle green,
Which in the distance seems a blue,
They form the back ground of the view.

O'er all is hung an azure sky,
A broad, o'erarching canopy
Of deep, cerulean, heavenly blue,
A covering of divinest hue.
As through the soft and tranquil haze,
We stand, and on those mountains gaze,
A land of spirits and of dreams
That scene of desert beauty seems,

The happy seats of love and rest,
Like far off regions of the blest
From earthly ills and troubles free,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can be.
Oh! were it unto mortal given
To fly away and soar to heaven,
Methinks I thither first would fly,
As to the portals of the sky,
And from those mountains of delight
Ascend to that celestial height,
Where faith is swallowed up in sight.

Such is the land, ye redmen brave,
Which unto you the Spirit gave.
Here the Creator fixed your home,
And here ye loved to dwell and roam.
Perchance a thousand years ago
Ye saw these streams and streamlets flow,
And through these highland chased the deer.
And acted life's whole drama here.
But, save a remnant of your band,
Who would not leave their native land,
But linger still on the hunting grounds,
Yet marked by rude ancestral mounds,
Which tell them that their fathers were
From ancient times established here,
This lovely region knows you not,
Ye 're strangers, absentees, forgot.
Ye dwell afar in the distant West,
A foreign bird sits in your nest,

The Eagle drove you hence away,
And made your heritage his prey.
Mysterious Providence! may ye
Be ne'er again compelled to flee,
But ever rising in your state
Become a people strong and great,
And with the race around you stand
An equal owner of the land, .
Participant in all its fame,
And adding lustre to its name.
Arrested by the mountain range,
De Soto makes another change,
And to the South he turns again
Through Alabama's charming plain,
Fruitful in crops of Indian grain.
The region trodden by his feet
Was long the fixed and chosen seat,
A land of rest and habitation
Unto another powerful nation.
Here various peoples dwelt of old,
Whose names can now be scarcely told.
At length a strange invader came,
A distant band of fearful name,
A fierce and warlike, wandering race,
In search of an abiding place.
Like Goths and Vandals from the West,
Upon the native tribes they pressed,
Slew some, and then absorbed the rest,
When settling on the conquered ground,
They spread a numerous people round.

In union did they find their strength,
And grew in power, until at length,
Stirred up by jealousy and hate
Against a stronger race whom fate
Designed to sieze on their estate,
They dared in conflict to engage,
And vented on them oft their rage.
Vain was the struggle—Jackson came,
Bearing aloft the fiery flame,
The torch of vengeance and of war,
And spreading waste and death afar.
But yet the foe yield not nor quake,
Another final stand they make
Within the Tallapoosa's bend,
Resolved their country to defend.
Within that narrow circuit stood
A thousand warriors true and good,
And like brave patriots shed their blood.
Scarce one of all the valiant host
Escaped to mourn the others lost.
There fell the last o'erwhelming blow,
That laid the proud Muscogees low,
And, of their country dispossessed,
They, too, were driven to the West.
Yet, Phoenix-like, they rose once more,
And flourish, stronger than before.
Long may they prosper and increase,
Pursuing all the arts of peace,
Blessed by religion, science, law,
Beyond whate'er their fathers saw.

Once more the gallant chieftain view
Through Alabama's vales pursue
His onward march, without an end,
To which his movement shall extend.
He reaches soon a southern land,
Where dwelt a brave and martial band.
Themselves extinct, their name survives,
And in a three-fold manner lives,
Perpetuated by a bay,
A river, and a city gay.
You ask that name, Mobile replies,
"My fame exalts it to the skies."
The spot where stood the Indian town
Deserves a lasting, wide renown.
For honor to the savage brave,
Who find at home a patriot's grave,
And hallow with their blood the land,
Invaded by a hostile band,
And where they fall, for country die,
That spot is their Thermopylæ.
Attacked, they fought with Spartan fire,
And many a Spaniard felt their ire,
And many a noble steed lay dead,
The place became a gory bed.
But shall the proud and fair Castilian
Yield to the tawny, low Mobilian?
Another charge De Soto makes,
The very ground beneath it quakes.
The natives fall, and fly, give way,
He burns their town, and wins the day,

Victorious, yet so much he lost,
He little reason had to boast.

Surely the chieftain, sick at heart,
From such a land will now depart.
The sea is near, and ships are there,
Within a haven, broad and fair,
In Pensacola's beauteous bay,
And soon will bear his troops away,
Who clamor loud and long to go,
If he will but direct it so.
He heeds them not: unchanged his mind,
Nor bent the least from his design
Some country rich in gold to find,
He scorns th' inviting ships and main,
And plunges in the wilds again.
He marches to the North once more
O'er paths unknown, untrod before,
Throughout a boundless wilderness,
Which seemed to offer no egress.
Again 'tis winter: cold and snow
Forbid them further now to go.
They stop, and pass the months away,
Till genial spring resumes her sway.
Surrounded by a hostile nation,
Another fight and conflagration
Occur before they leave their station.
Uncertain still which way is best,
They turn their faces to the West.

Treading a rich, alluvial soil,
For days, with slow advance, they toil
Amid its vegetation rank,
That sprung from ground low, soft and dank.
At length they suddenly emerge,
And stand upon the forest's verge,
When, lo! upon a scene they gaze,
Which fills their bosoms with amaze.
A mighty river rolls along,
With current broad, and deep, and strong,
Cleaving the wilderness in twain,
The watery monarch of the plain.
Struck with the sight, in deep surprise,
De Soto feasts his wondering eyes,
While through his beating, swelling soul
Currents of thought and feeling roll,
Responsive to the flowing mass
Of waters which before him pass.
Turbid and grand, that mighty stream
Burst on him like bewildering dream,
When fancies strange, huge, undefined,
Starting to life, flit through the mind.
He saw its current deep and wide
Rolling in majesty and pride,
With floating trees upon its tide.
A river broad and vast, sublime,
Fit emblem of elapsing time,
Which flows and flows forever on,
And yet is never, never gone.

Bearing all beings to the sea,
The ocean of eternity.
He viewed the stream, and from a height,
O'erlooking, gazed with fond delight,
Mingled with deep, mysterious awe,
Upon the glorious scene he saw.
Of it he ne'er had heard before,
And even now he knows no more
Than what before his eye is spread,
All ignorant of its fountain head,
From whence it comes, or where it goes,
The various lands through which it flows.
But yet the glance of genius told
That not in vain this river rolled,
And with prophetic vision he
Foresaw its future destiny.
He pictured changes vast and great
From Nature's rude and desert state.
Beheld an empire rise and stand
Through coming ages in this land,
With many cities rich and fair
And busy commerce every where.
Then shall this stream a highway be
For trade and travel swift and free,
And on its banks shall marts arise,
Attractive to the passer's eyes.
Perchance, he thought, this very height
On which I stand, shall be the site
Of some great, wealthy, splendid town,
Rivalling those of old renown

Upon the Tigris or the Nile,
A second Thebes or Memphian pile.
True seer thy vision's realized,
There glittering domes and spires arise,
A Memphis greets the traveller's eyes.

'Twas now again the month of May,
The second year had passed away
Since first they came, a gallant band,
To conquer and explore the land.
No fruit as yet of all their toil
Had they acquired from the soil.
Disasters only had they found
O'er all that broad, ill-fated ground.
Few words will serve me to relate
De Soto's after course of fate.
Moved by a stern, unyielding pride,
He crosses to the western side,
Determined that he will succeed,
His men to promised fortune lead.
He first advances up the stream
Until he reaches, it would seem,
A region since, convulsed and torn
By forces first conceived and born
Within the bowels of the earth,
Which struggled for a second birth,
When Nature in an agony,
Collecting all her energy,
As if to such sharp pangs unused,
A dreadful earthquake she produced.

Such shocks of terror rent the plain,
Imagination strives in vain
To picture to itself the scene,
The like of which had never been.
Vast fissures open in the ground,
Whence issues, with a hissing sound,
A mass of water and of steam,
A vapory cloud and heated stream.
Large tracks of forest downward sink,
The river overflows its brink,
A change in their appearance makes,
Transforms them into wooden lakes.
A village disappears from sight,
Its people in their sudden fright
Escaping scarce by rapid flight.
The mighty river feels the shocks,
And like a slumbering giant rocks.
The solid bed beneath him quakes,
And every liquid atom shakes.
The ground borne upward from below
Forces the current back to flow.
His ancient bottom is revealed,
From earth's primeval days concealed,
And from his depths, long buried there,
Gigantic trees are shot in air,
And things immersed in ooze and slime,
Deposits of all previous time.
His bed at length is rent in two,
When islands vanish out of view.

His waters, seethe, and foam, and boil,
Befouled and black with upheaved soil,
And fragile boats, too weak to last,
Like chaff before the whirlwind's blast,
Are hurried to and fro, and tossed,
Until they're broken, wrecked, and lost.
A deep and horrid consternation
Sieves upon the whole creation,
And man and beast, in wild affright,
Rush from the scene with panic flight.
At every shock, the trembling ground
Gives forth a loud and rumbling sound,
Resembling heaven's artillery,
When peal on peal rolls through the sky,
And Nature, from her hidden pits,
A foetid, nauseous gas emits,
Whose taint corrupts the atmosphere,
The floods infected, too, appear.
Confusion spreads through earth and air,
And Chaos strives for victory there.

De Soto here a month consumes,
And then his roving march resumes.
Through fearful wilds, 'mid savage tribes,
Which history barely names describes,
He wanders for another year,
Encountering dangers, toils severe.
A long southwest detour he makes,
And then an eastern course he takes,

Which brings him to the stream once more,
By him discovered, passed before.
But feeble and faint is the chieftain now,
The damps of death are on his brow,
Wearied, with feverish pain oppressed,
He breathes his last, and sinks to rest.
'Tis midnight: darkness broods supreme
O'er forest, camp, and flowing stream.
His men, a stern and veteran band,
Around their fallen leader stand,
The blazing torch the only light
Whose gleam is shed upon their sight.
Dense mists surround them like a cloud,
They wrap his body in a shroud,
And lay it in a vessel there,
Then for his burial they prepare.
A solemn stillness reigns around,
The place seems consecrated ground.
The ancient grove its column rears,
Slow product of unnumbered years,
A dark cathedral, huge and tall,
Its dismal shades a funeral pall.
Gloomy and grand are the stately trees,
Unruffled by the lightest breeze.
The drooping moss that hangs o'erhead
Appears to weep the hero dead,
In sympathy with those beneath,
Whose tears are flowing for his death.
Slow moves the river at their feet,
Soon to become his winding sheet.

The priests a mournful requiem chant,
And all the lifeless chief lament.
The last sad rites to him they pay,
The vessel bears his corpse away,
When cast upon the stream, like lead,
He sinks into his watery bed.
Where two imperial rivers meet,
Their rolling floods each other greet,
Beneath their mingling currents deep
De Soto sleeps his endless sleep.
No monument carved with his name,
Proclaims his deeds, attests his fame.
But on the written page his story,
Engraven deep, transmits his glory,
And thus, to latest time, shall run
The tale of what by him was done:
“He first of European blood
Beheld the Mississippi’s flood;
First roamed its banks, and crossed its tide
From eastern unto western side,
And first beneath its turbid wave,
Befitting tomb of one so brave
Yet unsuccessful, found a grave.”

CANTO V.

They tell me that a poet's fire
Has not to me been given ;
That I'm a creeping worm of earth,
Not spirit born of heaven.
The ostrich only sweeps the ground,
Too weak of wing to rise,
The eagle soars and dwells on high,
A native of the skies ;
And like the ostrich I must be
Contented here to run,
Nor dare like eagle in his flight
To gaze upon the sun.

They tell me that I lack the power
Possessed by bards of fame,
To give to airy nothingness
Existence and a name ;
The genius that conceives, creates
Whatever thing it will,
And by imagination builds
Immortal works of skill :
That I can only imitate,
And feeble daubs produce,
Which ne'er can rank among the great
Productions of the muse.

And this because I have not dwelt
On some fictitious theme,
And by my own invention wrought
A baseless, empty dream ;
But in the field of sober truth
Have rather chose to rove,
And sing of warrior's real deeds,
And woman's real love :
To cull the flowers of history,
Of Nature and of Art,
And show in actual characters
The workings of the heart.

Well, be it so : due praise I give
To nightly bards sublime,
The echoes of whose song shall live
Until the close of time—
The Miltons and the Homers,
And Shakspeare all alone,
Who sits, imperial monarch crowned,
Unrivalled on his throne ;
And all who in the ideal world
Have fashioned works of fame,
And by their visions bodied forth
Acquired a deathless name.

But is there not another sphere
For exercise of art,
In which aspiring soul may seek
To act a poet's part—

The broad and boundless realm of fact,
So rich in wondrous things,
That while we roam we scarcely feel
The need of Fancy's wings—
May he not fitly enter here
And choosing what he will,
Adorn it with a minstrel's dress,
The product of his skill?

Here diamonds, pearls and gold are found,
And precious stones most rare,
With which no gems of human mould
Are worthy to compare.
So man and nature when they yield
Their highest types and forms,
Such glorious shapes of life display
They shame art's duller charms;
And genius moving pencil, pen,
Though bold, cannot excel
The perfect handiwork of God,
Nor do its own as well.

The sun to me is brighter far
Than any globe of light,
Which man's ingenious hand e'er made
To dissipate the night;
And could the primal Eden
Before our vision rise,
'Twould far surpass the loveliest
Ideal paradise;—

And in the annals of the past,
I read of things more strange
Than any fictions ever wrought
In fancy's wildest range.

Did not the matchless Hebrew bards,
With fingers free and bold,
Sweep o'er the harp and celebrate
The men and deeds of old?
How Moses brought their fathers forth
From hard captivity,
And how, by Egypt's host pursued,
He led them through the sea;
The story of their wanderings,
By cloud and pillar led,
And settlement in Holy Land,
With God himself their head.

Thus would I celebrate the deeds
Of him so daring, brave,
Who first a band of settlers led
Across the Atlantic wave,
And planted on this western shore
A lasting colony,
Which spread and flourished till it grew
A nation great and free,
That stretches now from North to South
Through many a wide degree,
Whose territory vast extends
From east to western sea.

Then let me still my plan pursue,
 Uncramped by rigid rules,
So prized by those who homage yield
 To dicta of the schools.
Indulgent public, do not frown,
 But tolerate my lay,
And grant me liberty to sing
 In my own artless way.
The theme is worthy to attract,
 Whate'er may be the rhyme,
Few better e'er engaged the Muse
 In all preceding time.

Raleigh, to whom I vain would pay
Deserved tribute with my lay,
Thou art example fair and bright
To set these views in clearer light.
Not Homer's, Virgil's, Shakspeare's pen
Has sketched diviner forms of men,
Nor placed them on a grander stage,
Nor made the actors strut and rage
Amid ideal scenes of strife,
With greater power, effect, and life,
Nor hero hurled from loftier state,
Nor round him thrown more tragic fate,
Than in thy manly self we see,
And mournful death that ended thee.
When on thy age we fix our gaze,
The drama acted in thy days,

And by the grandeur of the plan
He grew a graver, firmer man.
The youthful knight arrayed in arms,
Dazzled by martial deeds and charms,
Ranging, with errant steps, afar
The sanguinary fields of war,
A transformation underwent,
On different, nobler ends now bent.
To found, by peaceful toil, a state
Appeared to him more truly great,
A mightier and more glorious work
Than brightest triumph o'er the Turk.
With purpose fixed on this design,
His future course of life defined,
Like hunter eager for the chase,
He entered on his chosen race.

Associated in a band
A hundred leave their native land,
To go and found a colony
In desert wilds beyond the sea,
An ill-starred company they pursued,
By low and jarring passions moved,
And scarcely one congenial soul
Our hero found among the whole.
Yes, one there was, like gentle dove,
Breathing the spirit mild of love,
A peaceful man of God, who threw
Sweet oil upon the raging crew,

And by his counsel stilled the storm
Whene'er it rose presaging harm.
As aaciently in Noah's ark,
Religion in this little bark,
Passed from the old world to the new,
With guileless, holy ends in view,
And hither came to consecrate
Act soon as born the infant state.
No huge leviathans were they,
In which they sought to make their way
Across the wide-extended deep,
Braving the winds that rage and sweep
In fury o'er its bosom vast,
Laughing to scorn the angry blast,
And turning not in fear aside
When comes the storm-king in his pride,
As if t' assert his sovereign power
O'er ocean's surface, and devour
All bold disturbers of his reign,
Intruders on his own domain.
Such are the mammoth keels that now
The watery fields in triumph plow,
Moved by the force of inward fires,
Whose breath the bulky mass inspires,
Which proudly walks, a thing of life,
In midst of elemental strife,
And by a route direct and short
Runs swiftly to her destined port.
Compared with these, as eel to whale,
Appeared the vessel light and frail,

But in the midst of soft repose,
Others to thee a plan propose,
Which sets again thy soul on fire,
And makes thee burn with fresh desire,
As breezes languid embers blow,
And fan them to a living glow.
Beyond the broad Atlantic's flood
A wilderness unbounded stood,
A vast, but useless part of earth,
A desert from creation's birth.
Thither would they themselves transplant,
Protected by their monarch's grant
Of title to that virgin soil,
And these by energy and toil
The wilds of nature overcome,
And found a new, enduring home.
A solid footing being gained,
A lodgment firm, secure obtained,
Others would follow in their wake,
Enlarge the settlement, and make
An ever-growing colony
Of Englishmen beyond the sea.
Imagination—vision fair,—
Another England pictured there,
Their native island reproduced,
And o'er a wider space diffused.
There should a commonwealth arise,
Fruitful in men, and rich supplies
Of all that springs from fertile soil,
The sure reward of patient toil,

A daughter of the parent State,
Aiding to make the mother great.
A gainful commerce thence would flow,
And Spain and France receive a blow.
Religion and the arts be spread
Where only savages now tread,
And English men and laws extend
In that new world without an end.
Like ancient seer, in strains sublime.
Foretelling scenes of future time,
A glowing bard with rapture sung
The progress of his mother tongue
O'er unknown regions of the West,
Destined in future to be blest
With all the treasures she possessed,
And saw with his prophetic eye,
Beneath the occidental sky,
A numerous people, great, refined,
Fond of the culture of the mind,
Man's nobler nature who should claim
A share in Bacon's, Shakspeare's fame.
Such were the motives that conspired
To move our hero's heart, and fired
His breast with strong determination
To undertake their new plantation.
His spirit leaped with exultation
In prospect of the fair creation
That rose to his imagination,
And to the pleasing scheme's control
He yielded unreserved his soul.

Before our eager, wondering eyes
Kingdoms, and courts and camps arise,
With monarchs and a grand array
Of gallant men and ladies gay,
Accomplished courtiers, warriors brave,
Distinguished authors, statesmen grave,
Essex, Burleigh, Verulam's Lord,
And Avon's swan, immortal bard,
With others not unknown to fame,
Who gained by wit or arms a name.
'Mid all, the central figure seen,
Appears the stately, virgin Queen,
Succeeded by a royal thing
That scarce deserved the name of king.
Endowed with large, courageous heart,
Well didst thou play, sustain thy part.
Courtier, and statesmen, warrior thou,
With wreaths of glory on their brow,
From many a sphere of action won
In that long race which thou didst run.
Gay seemed thy youth as vernal morn,
When flowers to sun and earth are born;
Sober and bright thy manhood's years,
As summer in his garb appears;
Like autumn's, were thy fruits of age,
Tragic thy exit from the stage.
Yet didst thou leave a brilliant name,
And unto us belongs thy fame.
For, boldest spirit of thy day,
Thy daring soul first led the way

In the heroic enterprise,
This land of ours to colonize
With emigrants of English stock—
They only recompense the block!
But doomed thyself to such a fate,
Immortal honors thee await.
Not only shall a sovereign State
Thy memory perpetuate,
Her capital transmit thy fame—
Long as she glories in thy name,
But on the bright, historic page
Thy deeds shall live from age to age,
And millions of a mighty nation
Shall think of thee with admiration,
For what thou didst endeavor here,
Brave, unsuccessful pioneer!
And now we come again to him
Whom none eclipse or render dim,
The chosen hero of my song,
Left out of view perhaps too long.
Unrivalled Smith, thou king of men,
Again give impulse to my pen,
And as it acts with movement free,
May it do justice unto thee!

Thy Turkish wars, thy travels o'er,
And landed on thy native shore,
Like absent ship returned, at rest,
No longer tossed on ocean's breast,
Thou didst in care and quiet lay,
And pass some months or years away.

Well-chosen was the site, and here
Upon a day, and in a year
I need not name, except to say
'Twas in the pleasant month of May,
Was laid the lasting, true foundation
Of this now great and powerful nation.
What memories, Jamestown, to thee cleave
How musing fancy loves to weave
With threads of thy eventful story,
A picture of thy scenes and glory.
Here first the Anglo-Saxon trod,
No more to leave this western sod.
Here first our country's tree took root
Since laden with such precious fruit,
Whose spreading branches far extending
With rich abundance still are bending.
Here first—a wilderness unbounded—
The forest with the axe resounded,
The echoes of whose stroke ne'er ceased,
But still from year to year increased,
Extending o'er a wider space,
Dread omen to the native race,
The symbol of advancing power,
Which should their own weak tribes devour,
Or from their ancient seats expel,
The hunting grounds they loved so well.
Here first the genius bold of Art,
Began to play his skilful part,
Invade the desert solitude,
And by the wigwam lowly, rude,

Erect a nobler habitation,
Reduce the soil to cultivation,
And in a thousand different forms,
Adorn the land with culture's charms.
But silent, lonely, wasted, thou
Art but a wreck and ruin now.
And yet the fragments of thy form
That still remain, possess a charm,
A deep attraction to the heart,
And cause perchance a tear to start.
What voiceless eloquence proceeds
E'en from thy ivy, brambles, needs!
The mouldering tower, the crumbling tomb
The distant, buried past relume,
And back the pensive thoughts convey
To scenes and actors of a day,
When pious worshippers here prayed,
And heroes in the grave were laid.
Here Gosnold sleeps, adventurous, brave,
A lover of the ocean wave,
And many a time he crossed the sea,
Then found his resting place in thee.
Her Smith his courage, skill displayed,
And Pocahontas sportive played
In girlish innocence and glee,
A maiden with affections free,
Till captured by Love's silken band,
To Rolfe she gave her heart and hand,
Then in the temple by his side
She stood a blooming, lovely bride,

They drive before the furious blast,
Uncertain whither, till at last,
To their exceeding joy, surprise,
Their destined haven greets their eyes.
Entering this, on either hand
Appears a cape or head of land,
To each of which they give a name,
That still perpetuates the fame
Of James' first born, and his brother,
They called one Henry, Charles the other:
A group of little isles that lay
Before the entrance of the bay,
Received our hero's holy name,
The sole memorial of his fame,
The only portion of our land,
So broad, majestic, lovely, grand,
This splendid empire of the West,
On which its founder's name impressed.
No matter: he but shared the fate
Of one still more renowned and great,
Discoverer of the hemisphere,
Deprived of his just honors here.
But both, what no mere name can give—
In their immortal deeds still live,
And in the fruits of their stern toil
That flourished on this western soil.

Advancing inward on their way,
Their vessel boldly plows the bay,

The broad majestic Chesapeake,
Whose praise I strive in vain to speak.
Discovering soon a river wide,
Which flowed into its western side,
Its mouth they enter, anchor cast,
And hoping, they had found at last,
Like Noah's dove, a refuge sweet,
A place to rest their weary feet,
That all their wanderings were o'er,
They land upon the northern shore.
And to express their peace and joy,
A term significant employ,
And give it to that narrow spot—
"Point Comfort," was the name it got.
But this an unfit place they deem,
And thence proceeding up the stream,
Which, by consent, their leader names,
In honor of their sovereign, James,
They seek another, better ground,
On which their colony to found.
At length they reach a goodly spot,
And here resolve to cast their lot.
It was a jutting point of land,
Round which, on nearly every hand,
The current of the river swept,
Forming a liquid wall that kept
The neighboring savages at bay,
And left them but a single way
Of access to their little band,
A narrow strip of solid land.

In which that first, adventurous band
Departed from their native land.
Nor did their captain, void of fear,
Straight for the western regions stir,
But what was deemed a safer way,
And more familiar at that day,
Pursued the course that southward lay.
Proceeding o'er the broad, blue main,
Those famous isles ere long they gain,
The happy fields of ancient song,
Where blessed spirits should prolong
Through endless years this life and breath,
Transported thither after death,
While mighty heroes dear to Jove,
The special objects of his love,
Were favored with passage there,
And pleasures of those regions fair,
Endowed with immortality,
Without the pains of those that die.
All joys were there ecstatic deemed,
Beyond whatever mortals dreamed.
Strangers to wintry storms and cold,
Ne'er sick, infirm, nor helpless, old,
Bathing in floods of genial light,
All objects charming to the sight,
The happy dwellers sipped delight
From every cup in that fair clime,
Unmixed with ills and woes of time.
There gentle zephyrs ever blew,
Eternal verdure met the view.

Fruits sprung spontaneous from the soil,
In rich profusion, without toil.
Refreshing fountains, groves, and bowers,
All bright, and lovely, fragrant flowers,
And fertile meadows ever-green,
Added enchantment to the scene.
Birds sweetly warbled from the trees,
All things were fitted but to please,
And life was passed in softest ease.
But no Elysium, bright and fair,
Our hero found or tasted there.
For envious of his worth and fame,
His comrades sought to blast his name,
And charging him with foul design,
A deed abhorrent to his mind,
To murder those in chief command,
And rule the sovereign of the land
Whose settlement they had in view,
Into confinement him they threw.
And thus a prisoner in chains
On board the vessel he remains,
Until Virginia's coast it gains.
But long and tedious were the tale,
To tell the route by which they sail,
And various scenes of wonderment
On which their eager eyes are bent,
While stopping to recruit and rest
Amid the Indies of the West.
Again they start, and northward sail,
When, overtaken by a gale,

And there the flower of savage life,
Became the youthful Briton's wife.
Here first the Gospel's sound she heard,
And bowed before the living Lord,
And in the Saviour's name believed,
And here baptismal rites received,
The holy first fruits of her race
Redeemed to God by sovereign grace.
Here in the tempest of debate,
While rocked th' unsettled ship of State,
Mid scenes of legislative strife,
Benignant Freedom sprung to life,
Destined to fill this vast domain
With blessings of her happy reign.
Thy ruins are thy monument,
Nor could a shaft more eloquent
Above thee rise, to tell thy story,
Thy downfall was thy brightest glory.
Not by a course of slow decay
Didst thou decline, and pass away.
Not from a wrathful foreign foe
Didst thou receive thy fatal blow.
Nor did a vengeful savage band,
Primeval owners of the land,
Within thee hurl consuming brand.
Thy own brave sons, in Freedom's name,
Enwrapped thy tenements in flame,
A sacrifice they offered thee
To Justice, Right, and Liberty.

